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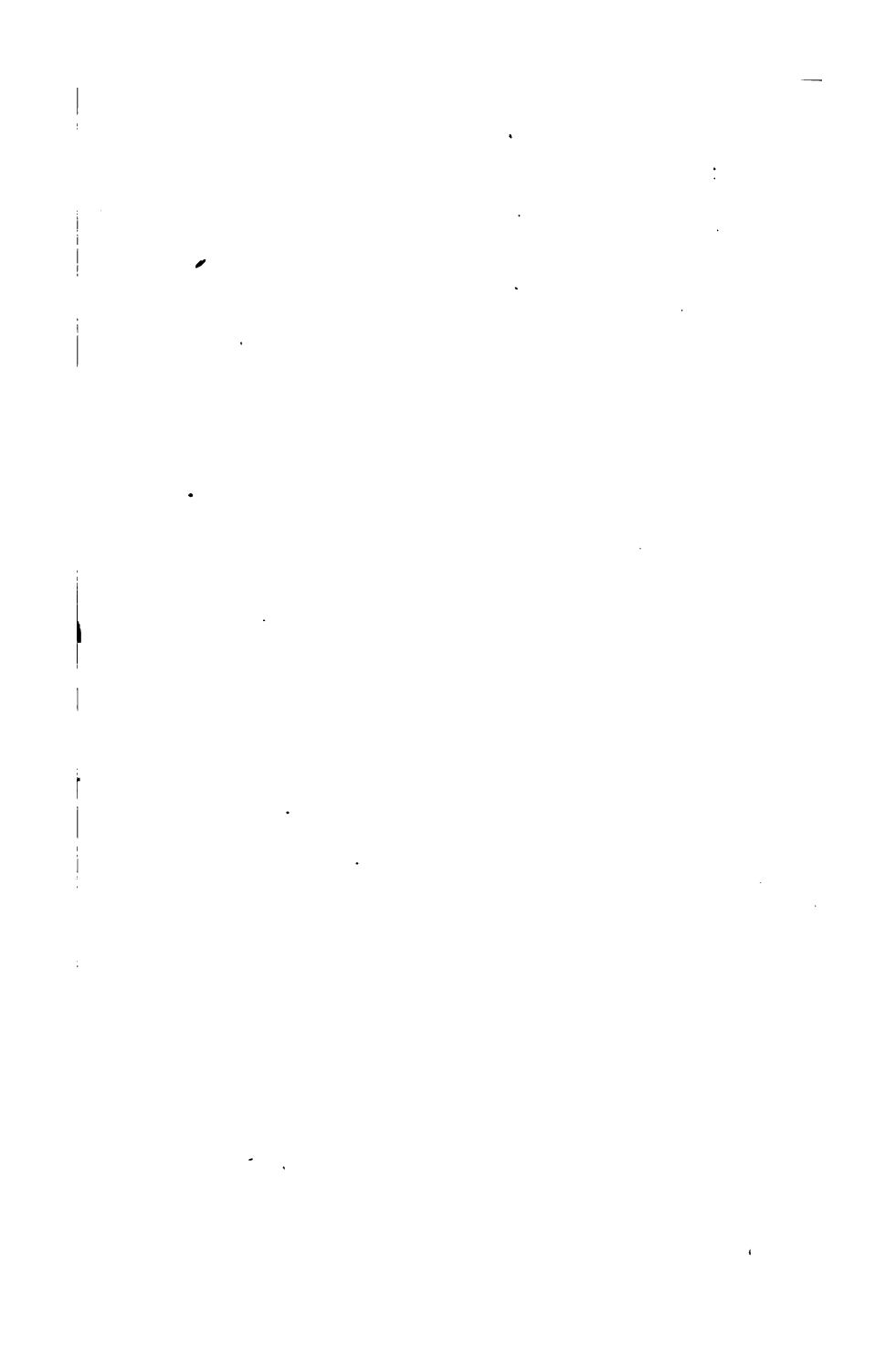
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FROM

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cover

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INTRIGUES

OF

JESUITISM IN THE UNITED STATES
OF
AMERICA.

BY THE

REV. L. GIUSTINIANI, D.D.

FORMERLY A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST, AND AUTHOR OF
"PAPAL ROME AS IT IS."

SEVENTH EDITION.

NEW YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY R. CRAIGHEAD,
112 FULTON STREET.

1846

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Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by

Rev. L. GIUSTINIANI D. D.

In the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District
of Pennsylvania.

TO THE READER, BY THE AUTHOR.

Long prefaces are not read, and short ones overlooked, therefore I have not written a preface. But for the satisfaction of the readers I will only say, that the narrative in this work contains facts which have occurred at different periods of time; having collected them, as if they had happened successively, I have been obliged to write under the veil of *fiction* in order to concentrate them in one series.

The description of the convent *à la Gesu*; the Provincial Saloon and General Council; the Vatican; the Pope's residence; its suite and Swiss guard, and all other localities in the city of Rome are true pictures, which every traveller, who has visited that city will testify.

The *Revolution in masquerade* is a true fact, it occurred in the eternal city in the year 1830; of which the newspaper of that city the "*Diario Romano*" gave a faithful account, and all the other Journals on the continent have spoken of it.

The Missionary Report of the Propaganda has been translated from the Italian, and is carried out visibly in our beloved country.

The corruptions in nunneries and priestly immorality is too well known, for any to doubt their immoral influence. The events which have occurred in the convents in this country; the indignation of the virtuous American people against these *female prisons*, kept by (these unmarried gentlemen) the priests, is sufficiently manifest, and freely spoken of in private as well as in public, and needs no farther proof.

The fictitious form is but the shell, the truth which it covers is the kernel; or in other words, it is the channel through which these truths are conveyed, and opens the

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spiritual as well as temporal authorities; nor do I intend to depict the discords among princes, and among people; the complaints of both, their lawsuits, altercations, schisms and jealousies, which tore the entrails of society; neither of the disturbances of the peace of the church, to overturn other monastic orders and kingdoms. At present, I limit myself to the **INTRIGUES OF THE JESUITS IN THE UNITED STATES**, corruption of nunneries and immorality of the confessional.

That the institution of the Jesuits is an universal conspiracy against bishops, corporate bodies, princes, magistrates, and every power both spiritual and temporal! The exorbitant privileges with which they have clothed themselves in Europe, and the daily intrigues, the cunning stratagems, and notorious falsehoods practiced in the United States, are only fit to overturn every state, and to spread distress and confusion in all places, which is decided by the bulls, that the government of the society is purely monarchical, and it will appear, that from the origin of their establishment, the Jesuits have proposed to swallow up all other orders, authorities, and professions; in a word to concentrate all power in the Society, and to become **UNIVERSAL MONARCHS**.

CHAP. II.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE JESUITS.

A palace of a mixt, but gorgeous architecture situated in the central, and at the same time the most retired part of the city of Rome; a palace distinguished not only by its chaste architecture and the riches it contains, but the splendid situation which it occupies, is the residence of the General of the Order of the Jesuits. This palace which is called "**LA. GESU**" is situated on a square of the same name, evidently after the name of the order; it occupies a corner of the square, from which we can see

in one part the splendid *Palace of Venice*, now the residence of the Austrian ambassador.

The historical reminiscence of that palace is charming; to every Italian, it reminds him of better times, when Italy was free from foreign oppression. It is a sweet thought, sweet like that of an old, abandoned matron, who delights in the reminiscence of former times, when she was courted by the flattering multitude, who admired her beauty in prose and verse.

From the other side which forms the *FACIATE*, we can plainly discern the *CAPITOL*, which reminds us of the days of Roman patriotism, the long struggles for freedom and for power, the popular tumults, the loud acclamations, the energetic harangues, the impassionate eloquence, and all that is dear to a Roman heart.

Opposite the convent, the *PALACE ALTIERI* (a) raises its proud head, to which a witty allusion has been made by a Jesuit from the pulpit, expressing himself thus: "*QUESTI ALTIERI OSCURONO LA GLORIA DE GESU*,"—These *altieri* (proud men) eclipse the glory of Jesus.

The convent has *three* entrances; one is in front which appears for common use, but the porter has the *veto* power and can admit or exclude whom he thinks proper. The *other* is through the church for the *Father Confessors* and the convenience of those fathers who say the mass, or spies and devotees, who bring gifts or have a special message to some spiritual father. The *third* door is through the garden and only for the *special benefit* of the Rev. Father General; it is never opened in the day-time, only at night for a certain use.

The interior is more than melancholy, rather dark, darker than any convent of other religious orders. The corridors are all paved with white marble from the bottom to the top, which gives a greater chill to the already frozen blood of the visitor. The house though usually inhabited by two hundred Jesuits, the stranger who enters, receives an impression that it is entirely deserted,

(a) *Altieri* is the name of a noble family and signifies also in Italian, proud, haughty.

and after he has walked about and examined the whole convent, his heart shrinks and nearly fails in his bosom, the idea that he is in a tomb oppresses his mind, and produces a cold sweat over his body; even the pictures on the wall appears as so many spectres, which he is afraid to look at; and when perchance a living being is seen at a distance crossing the corridor, the lightness of the walk, the quickness with which it disappears, strengthens the idea, that he is in a world of spirits, adds terror to suspicion and fear. O! how happy such a person is when he first again breathes the fresh air.

In that convent all the provincials from all parts of the world have been assembled. A province among the Jesuits comprehends a kingdom, and even a whole empire. So the United States is only a missionary province, directed by one provincial, who is obliged to give every three months, to the General of the order residing at Rome, an account of all important events in his province; ecclesiastical as well as political.

One evening when the *Tramontana* (north-wind) blew in its height, and the streets of the city of Rome were as empty as if the malarea had swept away the whole population. An evening, when all the inhabitants of the eternal city creep into their dwellings, and crawl round their *Scaldone* (a) as if the day of judgment had approached, or as if by some fatal accident, the north pole had broken loose, and offered its icy hand to the lovely mistress of the world. The streets were not only depopulated, but as dark almost as a grave; even the images of the holy Virgin Marias, and the most popular saints had no taper to bless their neighbors with a ray of light, being the only blessing which they confer upon the inhabitants of that city, who have to walk in the dark and filthy streets of Papal Rome. The night was so unusually cold, that saints and sinners would have frozen had they exposed themselves to the rigor of the *Tramontana*. In that night the convent of Jesuits presented a scene of intrigues, the theatre of plots and traitors.

(a) *Scaldone*, is a basin with charcoal-fire placed in the middle of the room, for the comfort of the inmates.

The saloon, where the general assembly was to be held was badly illuminated; three lights, (one on each wall) were the only ones which shed their dim rays in that immense space. At the upper end a platform of two steps high was erected; a table upon it, covered with a green cloth, upon which the ink and greese-spots gave testimony that it remembered many provincial assemblies, even long before the suppression of the order by Pope Ganganelli. Two wooden candlesticks, with burning tapers, and writing apparatus, formed the whole ornament of the provincial saloon.

All at once the doors were thrown open and the procession commenced; two by two the provincial fathers in *full talar* entered and occupied their seats according to their age; the saloon was nearly filled with the oldest and most tried subjects of the society. If their deeds could have been gathered together, and put into print, they would have filled the world with astonishment and horror, and would have formed the best and most profitable school for sovereigns, nations and the whole human family.

The silence, which usually characterises the order, was here displayed in a more solemn manner than under ordinary circumstances. With lowered eyelids, as if afraid to look each other in the face, and in such a dejected manner as if they were awaiting the sentence of death to be pronounced on a member of the assembly, without knowing who the unfortunate victim was to be, and looking at their morose and unfriendly physiognomies any one could have easily perceived that these holy fathers though they had passed more than the meridian of their lives in different climates, labored in various countries, and had been exiled from all parts of Europe, they had departed without leaving a friend, and were to die without leaving a heart to mourn over them.

After an interval of ten minutes, an old Jesuit of middle stature about 60 years of age, entered the door; his forehead high and bold, his hairs which were few and white like silver, fell over his shoulders, his eye gray and

sparkling and full of fire, indicating that his intellectual organs were in their full strength. His face was wrinkled, and care worn, but expressive, showing that his past life had not been spent like that of a careless friar, or a sensual monk, but of a man who laboured hard, travelled much, and had felt the pressure of the tropical sun, as well as the keenness of the northern Pole; in one word it was a weather beaten face, like that of a skilful mariner, who had navigated against the power of the storm, and advanced in spite of the resistance of the waves. IT WAS THE GENERAL OF THE ORDER.

All rose; crossing their hands over their breasts, bowing very low, and saying with a loud voice in Latin, "We bless thee, Father."

He passed through the middle of the saloon, and on his way he crossed the air right and left with his fingers, giving them the Benediction, and arriving at the first step of the platform, he knelt; all the Fathers followed his example; the General prayed thus in Latin.

"Lord, open our mouths that we may bless thy holy name, purify our hearts from all vain, perverse and sinful thoughts, enlighten our intellect, inflame our affections, in order that we may worthily, attentively, and devotedly attend to our duty; this we pray for the merits of St. Ignatius Loyola, Amen." (a)

When the Most and Right Rev. Father General ascended the platform, and took the chair: after having laid several papers upon the table, covered with the dirty green cloth, he arose, and addressed the Assembly as follows:

"Fathers and Masters of the order: you have all passed through the ordeal of the fire; the frozen ice of Siberia, and the scorching sun of the tropical clime has not diminished your zeal for the order, but rather increased it. When I look around and see the scattered fragments of our society united in this assembly, it ap-

(a) *Aperi Domine os nostrum ad benedicendum nomen tuum munda quoque cor nostrum ab omnibus vanis perversis et alienis cogitationibus, &c. &c. &c.*

pears to me that the whole map of the Globe is spread before my eyes, and that I see as it were the axis of the earth bend into a ring, and the opposite poles touch and kiss each other. My prayers have often ascended to heaven in your behalf; my heart has often fainted within my bosom, when I have read your communications, and heard of the persecutions which you have endured in all parts of the world: I thought many times our Holy Order was born to live in the storm, to advance in the tempest, and to defy the rocks, which threaten destruction, but thanks to the Holy Founder of our order, St. Ignatius Loyola, **WE HAVE A HOME.** The Spirit of St. Ignatius Loyola is hovering over his children, and protects the order. Rome is again ours. The *Schools*, *Seminaries*, and *Universities*, are under our management; the property of those houses have been indentured in favour of the Society.

"The situation of the church is unhappily critical, the Pope must patronize us; his power is visibly diminishing in Europe, he cannot dispense with our aid.

"The secular Clergy without any exception are our enemies, they hate us at the very time that they court us. The other religious orders (as in times of old) seek our destruction.

"I have employed faithful agents to watch their movements, and found means to counteract their iniquitous designs. The Pope fortunately is not aware of his tottering position, he is determined not to yield, not to accede to the least concession, neither political nor ecclesiastical; thinking to prevent through his inflexibility any eruption of the volcanic elements which invisibly burn beneath his throne, and threaten destruction to the papal hierarchy, all the better for us, for in such a state of things our assistance is indispensable.

"The sacred vessels, and other movable property of great value, which have been preserved in America from the time of the suppression of our Holy Order by the infidel Ganganelli, the ever cursed Clement XIV, have been safely returned, and are in my possession.

"Our Holy Society has made great acquisitions, and acquired great influence in the ecclesiastical Dominions. *The son of Prince Altieri* has taken the vow, and the habit of the society. *Cardinal prince Odescalchi* has resigned the honor and advantages connected with the Cardinal's Hat, for the humble, but holy habit of the society of Jesus; both of them gave their property to the society, '*to administer to the wants of the poor.*' Several other young men of great talents have entered the Order, and soon we shall have the literary as well as the political ascendancy in the whole ecclesiastical Dominion.

"In NAPLES the Order is prospering. We have faithful agents in the whole kingdom; some of them have joined even the Free Masons, others associated with the *Carbonaries*; and we have given them permission to take the oath by MENTAL RESERVATION, in order that we may discover where they meet, and what their movements are. Through their faithful services, assisted by the confessionals and our most Holy Founder, St. Ignatius Loyola, we have been able to inform His Majesty the King of Naples, of the rebellious plots framed in those secret places, where they held their iniquitous conventicles. The King of Naples is too shallow minded to see that our agents are the causes of all the political movements, and inform only after they have been able in reality to foment and create them. In gratitude for our services, he has restored unto us all the houses, convents, and other property, which belonged to our society before the suppression."

O! what a blessing it is for rulers as well as the people to be freed from these ferocious enemies of the human race; even after they are expelled and banished they leave behind them the traces of social wo; a disease of social disorganization, which the salutary effects of the progressive spirit of centuries are unable to cure. The experience of the past, and the present destitute state of Roman Catholic countries, where that wreakless society and monster in human shape has once resided, and even after the expulsion and exile of more than a half

century, the agitated, convulsive and almost irrecoverable state, is a sufficient proof of their desolating influence.

"MODENA is entirely ours. The Duke is an imbecile; the Dutchess his wife, who is a talented woman, reigns; she is an affiliated daughter of our Holy Society. Father Piotti is the confessor of the Duke and his family. In consequence of this, our influence is unlimited.

"SARDINIA. Thrones do not renew hearts; crowns do not give wisdom to stupid heads. That man who broke his oath, and betrayed the people when it suited his purpose before he ascended the throne, is incapable of keeping faith with his friends when upon that throne. The Queen is hopefully converted, and through her influence all the instruments of public tuition are in our hands. FATHER ZELOTTI is the Confessor of the Court; and FATHER INTRIGA the instructor of the Crown Prince.

"PIEMONTE is a very important province, not only for the extension of ground, but for the geographical position, and commercial facilities. It lies on the borders of Protestant Switzerland, Infidel France, and the Mediteranean, from which Bibles and other pestiferous books are imported into Italy.

"IN FRANCE the Order assumed the name of "*Patres pii operarum*," FATHERS OF THE PIOUS WORKS: the sisters pass under the name, '*Mater Dolorosa*,' the SUFFERING MOTHER of Christ. The prospects are not very propitious.

"FRANCE is not now bloody, as it was in the time of Robespierre; it is not now infidel, as in the time of Napoleon, but she is more corrupt in her principles than she ever was; she has a tendency to Protestantism, and the evangelical societies, introduce Bibles, and other anti Catholic books into every family, and corrupt every true French heart.

"The Orleans are still the same, with this difference, that the father betrayed his brother; he ascended the Guillotine, the son betrayed his uncle; he ascended the THRONE, but both betrayed FRANCE.

"The present King of France is Protestant in heart,

his religious demonstrations are but hypocrisy, to deceive the pious portion of the people, and delude the Pope.

"GERMANY represents an aspect of contradictory principles in its political, as well as religious features.

"In PRUSSIA, the Coadjutors succeeded to excite the inhabitants of the Rheinish provinces against the civil authority. THE MIXED MARRIAGES have been the ostensible cause, while our schools have been purged of the Protestant contagious influence of HERMERS' works, which were proscribed by the Ministerium.

"AUSTRIA is in Statu Quo."

A peculiar knock was heard, and the door keeper answered with the same kind of peculiar knock. The General sat immediately down, and said, "inquire if all is right?" The door keeper slightly opened the door, but only wide enough to see through; then he held his ear to the small aperture as if he would hear the SHIBULET, then he put his hand through the small aperture, and received a letter, which, after again bolting the door, he brought to the Father General. He opened the letter, when, after reading its contents, a change was visible in the General's face. The Fathers who knew that indifference, and exterior appearance of calmness, was the first precept of Jesuitism, were so much the more surprised at the exterior change of that Veteran's face; they concluded for certain, that it must contain extraordinary news. After having read the letter carefully, he said to the door keeper, who handed him the letter, in a low but audible voice, "*He will wait in my room, in my private room.*" He then put the letter, (not among the other papers) but carefully into his pocket. Then he rose again, and continued as follows:

"Fathers! the troubles and political struggles of Brazil, Mexico, and other parts of South America, have obliged the members of our Holy Society to concentrate in Paraguay, and act in these parts of our provinces through agents. The expenses for the maintenance of such agents are not great, for the people in those parts of the world, do not place a very high value on their honour, nor do they sell their consciences for a high price.

"With regard to the general state of the inhabitants of SOUTH AMERICA, they are not yet so degraded as the inhabitants of NORTH AMERICA; they have been kept (through the grace of our most Holy Founder, St. Ignatius Loyola) in ignorance of the wisdom of this world, and we have carefully prevented the introduction of any of the modern systems of education, which have proved so great a curse to the people of our United States, to the Church, and to the Holy Society. Unfortunately the PRINCIPLE of (what they call) MORAL standard in the United States stands high; the MODERN MANIA OF IMPROVEMENT upon our OLD SOLID and SOUND foundation, has taken hold upon the heart of the community in that section of our Province. We employed all our energies to introduce Puseyism into the Church of England, and it has proved very beneficial to our interests.

"*The Quakers* unknowingly favour our system, by advocating liberty of conscience indiscriminately to all, and being naturally enemies to the Presbyterians, our agents steadily kept up the memory of it by word and print. There is a great prospect of a division among the Quakers, which will exceedingly help our interests.

"*The Presbyterians* have the wealth and learning, consequently they have an unlimited influence; our agents have succeeded by the help of St. Ignatius Loyola, effecting a breach, which is every day more and more widening, and the rupture must prove fatal to that body, and forward our Holy interests.

"*The Methodists* are the most powerful and dangerous enemies to our Holy Cause. Their preachers make no pretensions to learning as those of the other sects, but they are zealous, they are enthusiasts, self-denying, enterprising, untiring, and work upon the heart, as well as the understanding; their *modus operandi* much resembles ours; they strive to *occupy* their ground, *measure* their space, *count* their numbers, *balance* their force, and they are the *only* sect we have to fear. *Divisions* among Methodists have proved more fatal to our Holy Cause, than

their union; they split, and the branch never withers, but grows, flourishes, spreads, and even among our own subjects, that cursed sect is the most fatal enemy in the heart of our western Province, and like a worm corrodes and destroys the Holy interests of the blessed society of St. Ignatius Loyola.

"Fathers of the Order, that part of the globe to which I would direct your attention, is our province of the *United States*, there I wish to concentrate all our efforts and labors. The *Constitution* of the United States is favorable to our designs. The naturalization law is most propitious to our success; the political dissensions must forward our object; nothing but a well digested plan is required, which I recommend to your wisdom and experience; and the United States will be ours also.

"The *sixty-three* members of our society, who have been compelled to leave France, in consequence of the late revolution of July last, and the revolutionary movements in Belgium have obliged them to lay aside the religious habit, and live a secular life in Brussels; whom I have destined for the United States, as soon as we have fixed on a well matured plan.

"As soon as that plan shall be framed and digested by you, I shall be happy to meet you again for its adoption."

He then leaned forward and took from under the table a large roll, which had been concealed under the dirty green cloth, when he resumed,

"Fathers and masters, here I present to you the most perfect map of the United States, sent to me from Boston, the red crosses, indicate the mission stations; the red squares, the Seminaries and Colleges; the red three angles, the female convents and houses of probation; the red stars, indicate the places of residence of our agent. The green crosses, show the places where a large number of Irish Catholics reside, and missionary stations should immediately be formed and churches erected as soon as possible. The green squares, indicate the places where churches are already built. The yellow squares, indicate spots where seminaries for both sexes are most

needed, and are required for the interests of our own order, and the glory of God; the yellow three angles, where nunneries ought to be established.

“England.—That province will in the course of time be ours; our beloved son, Daniel O’Connel, has taken the vow of obedience; he has already succeeded to disaffect the Irish Catholics from the government, the English ministry are afraid; having France (its natural enemy) on one side, rebellious Ireland on the other, the disaffected catholic Canada beyond the Atlantic, and the Repeal agitation in the heart of the United Kingdom, They must grant us eventually every thing. England’s enormous national debt, its innumerable paupers, characterism, puseyism, the dissenter’s opposition to the established church; all these heterogeneous matters combined in the bosom of England, will shake the British Crown; subvert the schemes of the Hero of Waterloo, and the *Re-peal* principle, must prevail in the House of Commons, Lords, and in the land.

“Urgent business of the society calls me; here I give you in writing the financial outline of our blessed and most holy Society of Jesus.”

Putting a paper (which contained the finances of the whole society) on the table covered with the dirty green cloth, and after a short Latin prayer, he descended from the platform, and passed into the middle of the saloon, crossing again right and left, giving the blessing; the fathers all standing with their hands crossed upon their breasts, devoutly bowing until he left the room.

CHAP. III.

THE FATHER GENERAL’S PRIVATE ROOM.

The simplicity of the chamber of the Father General, is a type of that mendicant order, and an anomaly not to be explained, if compared with the riches of the order,

and the power of the general. The walls are white-washed, and without any ornament except two paintings: one of the Virgin Mary, a copy taken from Caraccioli: The other a portrait of St. Ignatius Loyola the founder of the Order of Jesus. Three wooden chairs, an old writing desk, with papers and documents bound together in small bundles; a white sheep skin underneath, which the Father General puts his feet upon, and a small bed with a straw mattress covered with a rough, but clean sheet, a woollen blanket as a cover, two small white pillows at the head, the floor without a carpet, but scrubbed white, is the whole contents and ornaments of the General's chamber of the Order of the Jesuits.

Father Amato Ricci, who was introduced into that room by the order of the Father General, was a young Jesuit about 28 years of age, his hair was of a dark chesnut colour and fell long over his white collar, which was artfully turned over his sutan, and according to the usage of the society he wore no cravat, which gave him rather a romantic aspect. His eyes were black as jet, bright and piercing like two stars in the azure vault, his physiognomy calm and mild, rather melancholly. His sutan was supported at the waist with a black band, which all the Jesuits usually wear, but the particular precision with which it was put on gave his slim, yet well-formed figure a peculiar grace.

The reader must know that Father Amato Ricci was of a noble family, and when in his nineteenth year he became acquainted with a young lady named Camilla Strozzi, of a princely family and who was left an orphan with a princely fortune, they corresponded with equal tenderness of feeling, their minds, their hearts, and their lives breathed the same hope; they could not marry, for Don Amato was not of age, and Donna Camilla was under the tutelage of an old aunt, who by order of her confessor, who was a Jesuit, did all in her power to persuade her to enter a nunnery, for the pious Jesuits, were very anxious to see the soul of Donna Camilla saved and her immense fortune also well saved in their pockets.

Don Amato Ricci knew this and laughed at the aunt who was so anxious to see her young niece a nun, and Donna Camilla often spoke in the most lively and pleasant terms of her aunt's bigotry, so that signor Amato never dreamed of any stratagem on the part of the Jesuits, nor did he fear the constancy of his Camilla; one morning he received a letter, in which Donna Camilla bid him a tender farewell, informing him that she must accompany her aunt to Milano, from whence she would write to him. This stroke was as fatal as it was unexpected, the hope, however, of soon receiving letters, or of seeing his Camilla again supported him in his misfortune. He waited, inquired, and waited again, six months, and a whole year without a letter or an intimation of her residence. One morning a Jesuit came to his house, and after a long preamble and great circumlocution, he announced to him the wonderful news that Camilla was dead, and that upon her death-bed she had requested her spiritual father to perform her last will, and to give him a box which he then presented with its contents as the last token of her love. Who can describe his despair, his disgust of the world, the out-break of sorrow, the dejection of mind, he could have no doubt of the Jesuit's words, for he knew the box, he had seen it a hundred times in Donna Camilla's room.

The father Jesuit profiting by this circumstance, instead of consoling him poured oil into the fire, showing him the worst part of human nature, persuading him to enter the convent of the order of Jesus, which he in his despair, promised with an oath to perform, and leave the world; but alas! his expectations were not realized, he found more of the world among the Jesuits than in private life, and the worst kind of a world, he found cabals and intrigues connected with it which was the cause of his melancholly air.

During the time the Father General was reading his report in the General Assembly, Father Amato Ricci waited in the General's private room, sitting with his head resting upon his arm which he placed upon the

writing desk absorbed in his thoughts, thinking of every thing without fixing his thoughts particularly on any one, being in that position he inadvertently touched a small packet of papers which fell upon the floor, he hastily gathered them up and in putting them together, saw upon one of them his own name written, at first he hesitated for a moment to open it then he looked round and finding himself still alone no sound being heard from without, he felt himself secure, opened the paper, and read; gradually as he advanced in reading he became more engaged, persons were approaching whose steps he did not hear, such was the agitation of his mind, his hands trembled, his lips turned white, finally he shut it and laid it down, uttering these few words: "England is a traitor, a Jesuit can be no friend, Diogeness was right, we must search them with a lantern by daylight."

At this word the door opened, and the Father General entered; Father Amato immediately assumed the Jesuitical air, crossing both hands upon his breast, bowing with the greatest humility and submission, and the Father General with his usual affability said, "My dear son sit down, I am glad to see you;" yet looking every now and then to the great annoyance of Father Ricci, at the desk, as if he suspected something wrong. "I have to speak with you upon a subject which regards you personally. You know that in a month or two the inheritance will be decided between your relations, on your father's side; you knew my dear son, that Don Alfonso Ricci, is a dissipated and an ungodly character, a liberal and a Huguenot in heart, and he pretends according to the will of your father to share equal with you, who are the legitimate son of St. Ignatius Loyola. It has been proved that your father was subject to fits, and was sometimes for days deprived of his right mind; moreover, the physicians and servants have deposited, that he was in that state when he signed the will, and as a matter of course I have kept it in your name, annihilated the will by order of the Supreme Court, and you as the sole heir will soon take possession of the whole property belonging to your father's

estate, for the poor." Father Ricci partly surprised and partly shocked at the recital of his superior, said: "Rev. Father General the will of my father is sacred to me, I would not like any alteration much less the annihilation of it." The General resumed, with the same affability, "My dear son! we shall speak of that business another time; let us limit ourselves at present to the subject of your letter."

Taking out of his pocket the note and reading it aloud,

"*Very Rev. Father*:—I haste to inform your Reverence, that the liberals have organized themselves into a secret society to overthrow the papal government, and to establish a republican one; the outbreak will be on the last thursday of the carnaval at the Corso; when all the conspirators will be masked. One of my penitents informed me of, the plot.

"Your Reverend's most obedient son,

"AMATO RICCI.

"Who is your penitent?" asked the General.

"He is a young Irishman, who studies in the Irish Seminary, a young man of great talents, but poor, and supports himself by giving instruction to the English travellers in the Italian, and the Italians in the English language."

"How long has he been under your spiritual guidance?"

"Nearly two years. He took the 'vows of obedience' six months ago under Father Enghand."

"What is his name?"

"Mr. Hugge."

"I remember his name, it is he who reported the distribution of the Protestant publications by the English travellers in the city of Rome. Father Enghand made a favourable report of him; but why has he not long since entered the convent?"

"He has not the means to pay One Hundred and Twenty Dollars for his initiation fee, and he has debts, he could not apply for the dispensation of the amount."

The Father General moved his chair to the writing desk, and after having ciphered a few words, gave a strip of paper to Father Amato.

"Here, you have an order to pay the debts of Mr. Huggs, to defray all his other expenses; place him as soon as possible in the '*House of Probation*.' I cannot conceal the antipathy I have to his name; Father Huggs will be so piggish for a member of the Society of Jesus we must add a letter to his name, in order that the u may receive another inflection and the name should sound less swinish. Tell me now the purport of his confession."

"He joined (with my permission) the secret society of the *Carbonaries*, and took the oath by *mental reservation*, he has been advanced in degrees, to the degree of *Master* consequently he knows all their doings; at their last session they concluded to appear on the last Thursday in the Corso armed and all masked alike to take possession of the military posts and public buildings, in the mean time their companions will do the same in the *Romagna*."

"Have you examined your penitent so that you can rely on the exactness of his statement?"

"I have."

The Father General rang a hand bell, at the sound of which a Jesuit friar, the servant of the Father General, entered,

"What o'clock is it?"

"Half past eleven," was the answer.

"Much the better. Order the carriage. In twenty minutes, I shall expect it at the door."

The friar left the room with an humble bow, and the General turning to Father Amato, said,

"My dear Son, you must accompany me to His Holiness: the great service you have performed and your devotion to the Holy See, will not remain without recompense. In twenty minutes, I shall expect you here." Then he gave him the sign, and Father Amato retired.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS HOLINESS AND THE GENERAL OF THE JESUITS.

It was nearly twelve o'clock at night, when the Father General of the Jesuits accompanied by Father Amato entered the carriage which waited at the small garden door behind the convent *a la Gesu*: as soon as the friar had shut the calash door, he whispered to the driver, "*To the Vatican.*"

In the carriage the Father General spoke not a word, he was absorbed with his own thoughts: after a days' hard labour, a long harangue at the General Assembly at such a late hour, and in old age when rest is required, it is no wonder that he leaned his grey head up in the corner of the carriage, not to sleep, but to alleviate its aching.

Father Amato's mind was entirely occupied with the treachery of Father Enghand, whom he had thought his friend, but had been deceived, as he now learned in the Father General's chamber. The distance from the Vatican was not more than a mile and a half which they soon traversed. When they passed the *Castello San Angelo* (a) the sentinel called from the summit of the castle, the hour of twelve. That hollow yell, which vibrated through the air awakened as it were, Father Amato from

(a) Castel San Angelo is the ancient *Mola Hadriana* which has been baptized, and rebaptized, and canonized, San Angelo. The tradition says: "that one day during the plague at Rome, when Gregory the great was crossing this bridge, the arch angel Michael appeared to him on the top of the castle, flapping his wings in the same manner as the bronze angel is doing it: in consequence of which, the plague immediately ceased, and the Holy Father set up this statue on the spot in commemoration of the miraculous apparition which nobody but himself had seen. Why the Arch Angel had been sanctified and called a saint, the reader will have to ask some Roman Catholic Bishop in America, to solve the enigma.

Pope Alexander VI, that monster Pope, made a covered way from the Vatican, by which he might escape the just fury of his subjects.

This Mola Hadriana, afterwards Castello San Angelo was metamorphosed into a penitentiary where at least eight hundred unfortunate beings have been sentenced to perform hard labour, or to drag out a long and painful imprisonment

his thoughts, and brought him to himself, but thoughts far more sombre than the first took the place of the others; the sufferings of the hundreds which were imprisoned in the Castle San Angelo, the innocent victims which remain buried in its dark cells, and who have committed no other crime than that they dared to think, and had moral courage to express their thoughts. The poor families who mourn for their parents, and the aged parents who weep for their sons, their only hope in their advanced age; all these, crowded themselves before his mind, and involuntarily he sighed. At that, the Father General broke the silence, and said:

"My son, you are not happy. Why do you not open your mind to your father, your best friend," and in that strain he tried to gain the confidence of Father Amato, until they heard the noise of the gigantic fountains, and the whistling of the wind through the colonnades of the Piazza of St. Peters.

My design is not to describe that magnificent temple, for description can convey no idea of the prodigality, in its erection. It is chaste and beautiful. A building on which the world has lavished and almost exhausted its treasures and taste in its embellishments, its magnificence and unparalleled beauty is beyond all that imagination can convey. Its richly painted ceilings *in fresco*, its pictured pavements of ancient mosaic; its magnificent gates of bronze, its polished columns of ancient porphyry, its endless accumulation of Grecian marble, Egyptian granite, and Oriental alabaster, its bewildering extent and prodigality of magnificence, but over all, its amazing treasure of sculpture, which the labour of ages, the wealth of kingdoms, the spoils of ancient times, and the proudest inventions of modern masters have combined to furnish, can be admired, but not described.

No man can form a perfect idea of its magnificent arches, and crossing isles, splendid projectives, the tombs, the statues, the altars which lose themselves into shadowy distances so as to bewilder the imagination. The lofty dome, swelling into sublimity like heaven itself,

seems to rise above the head, and expand the very soul ; all is above description.

I will only give an outline of the square of St. Peters where the carriage stopped ; it forms an amphitheatre in the wide extended front of the church ; on either side a semicircular colonnade sweeping round in triple ranges, enclose the immense circular area ; in the centre of which stands the finest Egyptian obelisk of red Oriental granite between two perpetual and the most beautiful fountains in the world, which never cease to pour their glittering streams into its immense basin of Corinthian marble. There the two Jesuits like adventurers descended from the carriage, and under the protection of the dark, cold and gloomy night they stealthily approached the door of the Vatican. (a) The Swiss guard, (as the guards are always foreigners) have the honour to be the sole protectors of the person of the Pope, and the defenders of the Vatican, because, his Holiness the Vicar of Christ, is afraid of his own subjects, and of the Italian Catholics, he therefore, finds it necessary to import foreign soldiers, mercenary valets, from republican Switzerland, to keep the Roman in servitude and cruel bondage ; these foreign servants keep watch inside of the Vatican, and the regular Italian soldiers form the outposts of the palace.

As soon as the two Jesuits approached at a certain distance from the door, the sentinel called out ; "chi va la ?" (who is there) the general answered "Amici !" (friends :) they passed the sentinel, who seeing their religious habit presented arms ; finally reaching the great gate of the Vatican, which was bolted, the Father General knocked as hard as his strength would allow, at which a voice from within in a rough and broken Italian called out : "chi e a questa ora ?" (who is it at this late hour ?) The General replied "I am the Father General of the Society

(a) The Vatican is a building not of mere ordinary grandure or costly magnificence which can be imitated or described. The splendour of palaces may be rivaled and the magnitude of temples imitated, but the labour and wealth of the united world would fail to produce another Vatican, for its beauty is inimitable and its treasures unparalleled.

of Jesus. The bolts were immediately drawn, the keys turned, and the doors thrown open, when they ascended the majestic staircase, which leads to the Pope's private apartment. Accompanied by a foreign valet with a burning torch in his hand; *a base Swiss* who calls himself a Republican at home, and fights for the liberty of his native land, then sells himself to the Pope, and stretches out his arm to oppress the generous, to chain the free-minded Italian, and crushes him to atoms because he wishes to obtain that liberty for which the Swiss himself fought in his native country.

Americans, do not pity Switzerland. Her peace is broken, do not pity her. Her entrails are torn, do not pity her. The armed troops of the allied powers will soon occupy their (so called) republican territory. She deserves to be oppressed by Jesuits, by the same hand whom they served and assisted to oppress poor Italy. Do not pity her Americans.

They passed the large saloon without even looking at the inimitable paintings; they crossed the Museum Charamonti and other galleries, which contain the rich inheritance of the accumulated creations of gifted genius. They traversed chambers which contained the best legacy that departed ages ever bequeathed to the world, where they had been deposited, not a look was bestowed upon them. They entered chambers where the treasures of the Fine Arts were concentrated: in one word they passed I may safely say, the temple of taste consecrated to the muses, without noticing any thing around them, they remained cold and unanimated like the statues which surrounded them.

The Jesuit when he has an object in view pursues it with all his might, nothing stops him in his course, nothing can diverge his mind from the centre of his pursuit; no genius, no art, no beauty, no virtue can attract his attention; *power* is the only absorbing thought of his mind, and pressing subject which fills his heart.

The General arrived at the ante-chamber of the Pope's bed-room, where he found three livery valets, sitting

gaping and half sleeping, who at the unexpected appearance of the Father General, and at such a late hour, started, not knowing in their great surprise whether they should rise or remain in their lazy position; whether they should speak or continue to gape; finally the Father General asked, "How is his Holiness this evening?"

"He is very well," said one of the astonished servants.

"I have an important message to his Holiness I would like that he should know it as soon as practicable.

One of the servants observed:

"It would be advisable to call the Count Giovannino^(a) the cameriero, that he should awaken his Holiness."

The other servant added:

"I would rather enter the chamber of his Holiness myself, than awaken Giovannino, for he will curse me, the Father General and all the saints canonized or uncanonized; I know the holy Father will consider the circumstance and make all allowance."

The Father General humbly bowed, and with a courtier's air said:

"Do as you think proper in accordance with your duty, I shall rather wait here until day-break than to leave the Vatican without speaking to his Holiness."

"What devotion," added a third servant, and as if awakened from a dream he ran after a chair, exclaiming:

(a) The Count Giovanino was formerly a barber, and a barber in Rome is the lowest and most degraded being in the city; he is the agent of houses of ill-fame, that was the friend of the present Pope Gregory XVI. when a monk and a cardinal Capellari. Now being elevated upon the seat of Peter, to the pontifical dignity, that wretch made the monster Giovannino the barber, the agent of ill-fame houses, a Count, and his children Barons and Counts; borrowing millions of dollars from Rothchild and giving it to the Countess Giovannino and the little counts; and to fill the cup of corruption the wretched Pope Gregory XIV. brought Giovannino's family into the Vatican and assigned to him the first office at the papal court, CAMARIERO SEGRETO. The reader must know the reason, and that is, Mrs. Giovannino is a fine woman which his Holiness had frequented even when a monk and a cardinal, and the little Counts and Countesses, are, (as commonly believed) little Gregories. So much for the sanctity of the head of the Holy Apostolical Church of Rome, out of which there is no salvation.

"Mille pardon! Molto Reverende Padre Generale Siega! la prego Reverendissimo Padre."

In the mean time one of the servants opened very slowly, the door of the bed-chamber of the Pope, the creak of the hinges awakened his Holiness (for tyrants never sleep sound,) who with half opened eyes called out, "Chi è?" The servant answered, "Son io il vostro servo fidele," (I am your faithful slave.) Then he informed his Holiness of the late visit of the Father General and the business which had compelled the good Fathers to deprive themselves of sleep and his Holiness of his rest.

The Jesuits were admitted and cordially received, the Father General stated the important news, making the case very relevant, and his devotion to the seat of Peter in general, and to his Holiness in particular, was very palpably shown; the Pope cordially thanked his Reverence, pressed his hand as a token of gratitude and favour. The case was argued, plans adopted, and the servants who were very curious to know the secrets of their Master listened at the door, and the reader will easily perceive how it became known to the people after the popular insurrection was suppressed.

CHAP. V.

MISSIONARY PLAN FOR THE UNITED STATES.

The next evening the Father General again appeared in the General Assembly with the same ceremonies as before stated. Father Fox the chairman of the committee of the American Missions rose and spoke as follows: "As the chairman of the committee and Provincial of the United States. I have the honor to present the following plan, I should not call it a plan, but the experience of sixteen years residence in that country.

"Most Reverend Father," (bowing to the Father Gene-

ral) there is no nation upon the surface of the earth, which is more hospitable, more kind, and more generous than the Americans. With truth do they call their country, '*The land of the brave and the assylum of the oppressed.*'

"The Americans are naturally so, it is not a forced kindness nor a virtue acquired by habit, it is constitutional with them. All the Protestant Benevolent Associations who go under the name *American*, as the American Bible, the American Tract, and American Missionary Societies, are liberally supported.

"The American has a quick perception, he is cool, calculating in his business, and is not so easily excited as the European. But when he is excited, he passes to the other extreme. He becomes violently-revengeful. Nothing can excite an American easier than an offence to his country, a censure on the institutions of his Republic, an affront to the '*Star Spangled Banner*,' (as he calls it) cannot be forgiven or forgotten. Touch America in any way, you touch the American's heart. Therefore the missionaries must never speak of America neither *pro* nor *con* in order that they may not come in collision with the inhabitants.

"The politics of that country is an anomaly which cannot be described; it is an indefinable principle which the political leaders themselves do not understand and their candidates for the Presidential chair never choose to explain.

"There are two Political parties, more than two parties cannot exist in the United States. Some years ago a party started in New Orleans under the '*Native*' Banner, but soon it died away to rise no more. There is no danger that Nativism will ever take root as long as we have Roman Catholic voters to present to either of the two political parties who will promote our Holy cause, which is that of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church of Rome.

"As I have before remarked, I have been sixteen years in the United States, and served our holy society for

eleven years in the capacity of a provincial, I have travelled the length and breadth of that country, and have had the pleasure of counterbalancing the elections even in the Puritan part of the Union—New England States, by the power of the confessional. The confessional must be the focus of all our movements, round which all our evolutions must be regulated, for there we are sure to succeed and never be detected.

“Reverend Father, the great mass of the people are not to be feared; they speak of liberty; fight for liberty and self-government, and scarcely inquire into the elementary principles of that great and noble idea. They repeat what their self-interested leaders say: they vote as their leaders direct them to do, and either party slanders in its turn, libel each other until the election is decided. These are the men whom we must have as our allies and the people will be ours too.

“To give your Reverence an idea of the purity of the political principles of those who speak so much of self-government, I would state that you will rarely find a political ‘head-quarters’ in the Union in any other place than in a public house or tavern, and often, very often, in the lowest of them. The politicians are as corrupt as their politics, for without grog they cannot advance the interests of their party. Grog! Reverend Father, grog is the great lever of Archimedes for the promotion of the ambitious designs of corrupt politicians.

“As a consequence of this you can see drunken men, who scarcely can stand upon their feet, approach the polls. Fighting is not unfrequent and the constables are stationed at these places, to keep the men who advocate self-government in good order, or to send them to the lock-up for the welfare of their better government.

“Politics in America is a trade, a business as any other business, using the American phrase—‘it is nothing but loaves and fishes.’ The doctrine of their political leaders is sufficiently elastic, they sell and buy, and compromise their principles according to circumstances; they have adopted our doctrine of expediency to its full extent,

and carry it out with as much skill, as if they had been in our school. These are the very men whom the missionary must court and have as friends; these are the very men who will support our holy cause, if we offer them our *support at the ballot box*.

"Reverend Father, *The Press* is an item which we must consider as the soul of our mission, the nerve of all our operations. In a land where the mass of the people can read and we having no means to prevent it, (a) it is imperative that we should have the control of the press in a direct as well as in an indirect way. Ten thousand scudi (dollars) annually, will be required to accomplish this great object. I have known a presbyterian minister in one of the commercial cities of our province of North America, whose name was Brokenbridge; his talents were far superior to his name, for he was a very talented man; an untiring enemy of our holy cause; with all his talents, with all his popularity, with all his indefatigable and hellish zeal against the Society of Jesus, we tired him out by preventing the political papers from taking side with him. We could not master that infernal disciple of Calvin in argument, he was strong, unconquerable, (here his voice increased and became emphatical, and so impressive, that the Father General's countenance became quite expressive) but we tired him out, we let

(a) In Italy, especially in Rome, the priests use different means to prevent the reading of books and periodicals:

1st. They use all possible means to prevent the lower classes of the people from learning to read.

2d. They have so strict a censorship that nothing can be printed without their permission, and those who can read, have no opportunity of procuring any book of merit.

3d. They have no periodicals, consequently they cannot read any. In the city of Rome there is only one Journal, the "*Diario Romano*," a paper which gives an account of the ceremonies and functions performed daily in the different churches and the miracles performed by the saints.

4th. If any one perchance, or by contraband, gets a book of some literary value printed in a foreign land, the Father Confessor gives no absolution until the work is given to him. And if such a person has the misfortune to be accused at the inquisition of having a forbidden book, he is lodged in a dungeon of the inquisition as a heretic and must recant. That is the retrograde spirit of popery.

him feel that he was single-handed, he became discouraged and gave up the race, (a) his periodical stopped, and he was compelled to retire from the arena. All this was done (he lowered his tremulous voice) by the control of the press. And even at this very day there is scarcely to be found one periodical which would venture to insert the slightest offensive article against our holy interest in that state.

"Our advantages are far above the protestants' in this sphere of labour; for we can forbid our people from reading protestant publications, but the protestants read ours as well as their own."

"Emigration from Roman Catholic countries must be the chief object of our missionary operations; emigration is the living spring, which never fails. We must not only encourage emigration, but make arrangements with Austria, Bavaria, and the Emigrating Society of England and Ireland to send over their paupers, and even convicts, and all they can entice to emigrate; for the alien law is in our favour and it will have a double influence; First, We shall get a Catholic army in time of need. Second, We shall acquire power to over-balance the political scale at the ballot box in time of peace.

"Our missionaries must always advocate the constitution, and they will always keep the Alien law in Statute quo, until we shall acquire so much power as to be able to change it from *five* to *three* years.

"The point of concentration must be in the western part of the United States. *The valley of the Mississippi*. The vast extent and boundless resources of the great valley of the Mississippi is little known to the

(a) A gentleman of great ability, a clergyman of high standing of the presbyterian church in the city of Baltimore, used all his energies to oppose the "Man of sin," the enemy of the American Republic. Notwithstanding he possessed a noble spirit, a superior mind, being a christian and a patriot, he was single-handed, the political press of Baltimore were afraid to join, though convinced of the righteous cause, afraid to lose the papal patronage, therefore left the hero alone to fight the battle, until he was tired out and gave up the race. This is the personage to whom Father Fox, the provincial of the United States of America alluded to.

greater part of the American people. Extending from the 26th to the 47th degree of north latitude, and stretching from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains, it embraces an area of 400,000 square miles of land; unsurpassed for fertility and unequalled in productions; a country intersected in every direction by magnificent and beautiful rivers, affording more than 12,000 miles of navigable water. Every Roman Catholic colony in that part of North America must prosper and flourish. If we can balance the political power in the west our success is sure; therefore our missionaries must build churches at every important point of the western section of the Union. (Here a sardonical smile surrounded his lips and he pressed them for a moment together as if an important thought had crossed his mind, and continued.) The protestants themselves will build our churches, or rather they will furnish us with the pecuniary means to build them for the purpose of drawing a larger number of Roman Catholic inhabitants into their neighbourhood, in order to sell their land to a better advantage."

Here the solemnity of the Assembly was broken, a burst of spontaneous laughter was heard all around, which said more than a hundred volumes could contain, it showed that they laughed at the foolery of American protestants, who after they have placed the rod in their hands by the Alien law, offer their backs, in order that they may flog them if they please.

"Education must be advocated in connexion with liberty. Schools and Literary Institutions are very rare in the West, therefore we must erect schools, colleges, and academies in order that we may destroy protestant influence; our terms must be very low, especially for the protestant children; and if they are poor, educate them gratis, and you are sure of your prey.

"Female education must occupy a prominent place in our missionary operations; here we have nothing to fear from protestants, for with them it is a money-making system; with us it is a vehicle to gain souls; their female institutions are conducted with great expense, they must

pay their teachers and build or rent houses for that purpose; but we have our convents at our disposal and the teachers gratis; the Sisters of Charity may be as useful to the public as they are charitable to the missionaries in private!

"The building of the churches and convents must be on a new plan. They must have vaults underneath for we cannot know what use we may have for them hereafter.

"Temperance Societies must not be neglected, for the medals will be a source of great income, and it will keep up respectability among the protestants. The great design should not be so much to advance the temperance cause, but to promote Catholic associations throughout the land. Therefore the missionaries must prevent in all cases, and under all circumstances the union of the Catholic temperance societies with the protestant, in order that our great object may not be defeated.

"Mixed marriages must be scrupulously watched, and if rightly attended to will be more productive of good, and augment our strength more than all our preaching. First of all, our missionaries must oppose and prevent all marriages, where a Roman Catholic gentleman intends to marry a protestant woman, and encourage the marriage of a Roman Catholic woman with a protestant gentleman, for your Reverence can rely upon it, that the husbands go with their wives. The American ladies are real witches, with their obstinate heads, and pretty little faces, they are able to turn the brain even of a canonized saint. But in case our missionaries should be unable to prevent such mixed marriages, they ought not to perform the marriage ceremony, except the protestant party solemnly promises to bring up their children in the Roman Catholic faith.

"Most Reverend Father; *Servants* of Roman creed are not to be overlooked; they may be of great use in time of peace, to know what is going on in the protestant families, and direct our movements in the heart of protestantism; and in time of a religious persecution

which must follow, (if our missionaries do their duty) their assistance will be of great importance.

"The confessors must rule this class by the doctrine of expediency, decide whether they shall go to prayers with the family, or not; whether they shall read the Bible in order to gain the affection and confidence of their masters, or oppose protestantism, all these must be regulated by circumstances. In one word the Spiritual Father must have them always devoted to the catholic cause and have them ready when their services are required.

"Religious associations must be kept up in America, in order that the Europeans may always remain Europeans in spirit; it will have a salutary influence over the minds of the American Roman Catholics, who will become more intimately associated with the Europeans and be easier disciplined and more submissive to the Holy Mother Church; the Europeans will keep up their national spirit, and as a matter of course not be so easily Americanized.

"Let the Irish emigrants always be remembered on St. Patrick's day, and they will always feel themselves to be Irishmen. Let the English celebrate the festival of St. a'Becket, and they will continue to love England in their Saint. So it is with all nations, the religion of their fathers is associated with their native land.

"Secret associations are very numerous in America. If ever Satan invented a system to oppose and destroy our society, it was by the instituting of secret associations; therefore we must oppose them with all our might. Give no absolution to any who are associated with them; refuse even the burial; (a) excommunicate and curse even the dead bodies of all who die without repentance in this particular; allow no one to be a Free Mason, an Odd Fellow, or belong to any other association. At present these associations have only a benevolent tendency,

(a) In Philadelphia, a Roman Catholic priest refused the extreme unction and also the performance of burial ceremony to a German, a few months ago, because he was a member of the Odd Fellows.

out in the course of time they will become political and religious, this is inevitable.

"Suppose the Devil should put it into the minds of these heretics to form a secret society and deny the admission of Roman Catholics; suppose they should form instead of a secret beneficial society, a political association under the ostensible purpose of being beneficial; (a) what would become of us? We could not reach them through our press, because all their movements would be secret, and our cause be crushed; the ballot box through which we conduct our interests, would be under the influence of the American protestants; and our downfall sure. Therefore the missionary must oppose and condemn all secret associations with all their might, and excommunicate every person belonging to any of them and deprive them of all their rights and privileges in the Roman Catholic Church.

"The School System in the New England States is free, and they speak of introducing that dangerous System into the whole Union. Should that be the case, we must prevent the Roman Catholic children from uniting with the protestant ones, not for fear that they will become protestants, but for the certainty that they will become Americanized, lose their Irish nationality, and with that, the love of the religion of their Irish parents. We must, therefore, demand a portion of the School Fund, under the pretext that we cannot consistently and conscientiously allow our children to read the protestant Bible, and should we not succeed in obtaining a portion of the School Fund, which in all probability will be refused, if not supported by one of the political parties, we must organize our own schools, and educate our own Roman Catholic children, or we shall lose them for certain.

"These are the views of the committee, this is the plan which the missionary committee humbly present to you,

(a) This is the only means to defy Jesuitism. In Italy we cannot succeed, because the members are all papists, and through the confessional they can reach us, but in protestant America the exclusion of papists is not only practicable, but it would be a sure guard of the American institutions and purity of protestantism.

most Holy and very Reverend Father General for your consideration."

The financial part of the business then became the subject of consideration; after which the Father General left the Assembly with the usual ceremonies.

CHAP. VI.

THE REVOLUTION IN MASQUERADE.

The christian Carnival is the same as the heathen Saturnalia, or ancient Bachanalia, or perhaps more appropriately the same as the annual feast of *Cybele* described by Livy. This Catholic fete of papal buffons is celebrated in the Corso di Roma at the foot of Mount Quirinum before the eyes of his Holiness the (so called) Supreme pontiff of the whole Catholic and Apostolic Church.

The Corso which begins at the northern gate of the city of Rome, called del Popolo, and terminates at the palace of Venice, is just a mile in length, and constitutes the theatre, where the curious scenes of catholic revelries are performed. The windows and balconies of all the houses are hung with the richest draperies, and filled with gaily dressed spectators; on the pavement, chairs are placed, which are occupied by masks who are not willing to rove about and obstruct the passage-way for pedestrians; the middle of the street beside, is occupied by two rows of carriages which closely follow each other as in a procession, crowded together with innumerable foot passengers, masked and unmasked, male and female, old and young, all of whom are visibly seized by the same delirium. It is remarkable, that with all the mixture of beast and man, mad or sane, whole and maimed, an accident never happens, except to the possessors of watches and pocket-handkerchiefs, which are often stolen, they never play a joke, that would excite the ire of any indi-

vidual. It is impossible to describe (though it has often been tried) the wonderful motley multitude which are accumulated in that short space. Here we see a witty poet surrounded by a multitude of every kind; there Pulcinellos in abundance; Doctors of Bologna, with all their professional gravity; Pagliataccj with their fooleries, cooks, bakers, peasant girls, Jews and Jewesses, Turks, Hussars, and Dominos: in one word, the whole world in masks. The master and the servants, the children and the nurses, the horses and the drivers, the latter of which are always dressed in the costume of an old woman.

On Thursday when the fooleries were at their height, so that any stranger would have believed that all the Romans had been seized by a sudden delirium, or were the most wild and extravagant people in creation, about 4 o'clock, P. M., 500 Pagliataccj (buffoons) armed with pistols and guns, rushed into the Corso from all the contiguous streets. The confusion among the masked mass, the screams of the ladies, the terror of the whole population, the panic which propagated with the rapidity of lightning was visible on every face; mothers cried, for fear that their sons, and sisters lamented for fear that their brothers were numbered with the insurgents, even wives mixed among the crowd of masqueraders to see if their husbands were to be found among the liberals.

Scarcely had the first report of a pistol been heard, when the carriages turned right and left out of the Corso and lost themselves in the adjacent small streets; then the Corso was free from all encumbrance of vehicles, but soon became a compact mass of people. The cry of "vengeance upon the tyrants" and "down with the priests," was heard in every direction. The word "abasso! abasso!" (down) was the watchword, although it was impossible to know each other in the crowd.

The first attack was made in the great square called "La piazza collona," where the chief guard was stationed. The officer in charge of the station made no resistance, he had instructions not to resist; even if he had not received such instructions, he could not have resisted,

for such an attempt would have been fatal, as the soldiers were but few, on the contrary he treated with the insurgents, saying, "if they would allow him and his soldiers to retire from the guard-house with their arms and drums, he would leave the place without any resistance;" this they agreed to. The same conditions were offered to every guard, and also at the gates of the city, where the catholic simpletons occupied all the stations. The masks patrolled through the city and performed all the military functions until morning, when a written order was issued by his Holiness, backed by two regiments of soldiers, with loaded guns, "Ordering them immediately to return to their homes and occupations, or they would incur the displeasure of his Holiness," which means in the ecclesiastical language of Rome, to be Guillotined; and as this was strong logic, they obeyed, and the revolution was at an end.

That same day Mr. Huggs entered the convent of the Jesuits as a novice and gave in his general confession, which every one who enters the order must make, all the leaders of the plot, were immediately imprisoned, some of them were Guillotined, and as a recompense for his treachery and perjury, Mr. Huggs soon became a Father Jesuit and dignitary in the Roman Catholic Church, with the additional blessing of receiving some more letters to his Huggish name, and as a faithful servant of Rome he is active to turn all the elections in the United States in favour of that party which most favours popery, and promotes the holy interest of the Society of Jesus on the American soil.

As soon as the insurgents had tendered their arms, the Jesuit emissaries revealed the secret, and spoke openly of the vigilance of the Jesuits, their zeal in the confessional, through which the secret plot had been detected, and that the Father General of the Jesuits had counselled the Pope not to resist their attacks, but rather leave the military stations in the hands of the insurgents, in order that his Holiness might safely, without any appearance of op-

pression lay hold upon the liberals and clear them out of the road, through the Guillotine.

The reader must also be acquainted with the fact that every cardinal has his *amica*, a married woman, a lady with whom his eminence spends his evenings, (according to priestly usage in the Church of Rome) at the card-table or *at some other game*, to entertain and amuse his Dulcinea, to the edification (I should say to the scandal) of the family, who cannot enter the room, and even the husband is obliged to leave the house and not return until ten o'clock in the evening. The cardinal's lady is also the confidante of his eminence, to whom he recounts all the important subjects, which are treated upon in the secret council of his Holiness, as an evidence of his friendship and assurance of his confidence; she in turn is not a little ambitious to show, that his eminence has more confidence in her than any other cardinal has in his Dulcinea, which is generally the case with all those favourite ladies, and in that way we know in twenty-four hours every thing that is transacted at the Vatican with closed doors. It would be very creditable if the Roman husbands would imitate the good example of their ghostly fathers, the cardinals and prelates, and be as open-hearted to their wedded wives, as these gentle priests are to their Dulcineas, then the evil practice of *cicisbeo*, and *cavalier servente* would certainly cease, and purer morals would reign in Rome.

CHAP. VII.

BRUSSELS.

It is a fact that the last revolution of the *three glorious days of July* in France, was not a political movement, but a religious one. Though political appearances

may mislead; but the observing eye, the more profound politician, who know the corruptions of the political movements of Jesuitism, do not judge by the simple effects of badly schemed plans; but penetrate behind the curtain, examine the secrets and hidden machinery; to detect the mysterious hand, which draws the wire; and certain hidden powers which propel the political machine, before he expresses his opinion.

The restless, or rather the hell-born spirit of the jesuits under the Restoration; their hatred against protestantism, their enmity to the free press, which is the only sure vehicle for the propagation of civil and religious liberty, was the cause, and the only cause of that revolutionary movement in France in the year 1830. The jesuits were well aware that an auto da fee was out of season in France; another massacre of St. Bartholomew would be unpopular even among their own devotees at the confessional; petty chicaneries, and open oppression would excite the indignation of the noble hearted Frenchmen, be censured by the public press, and revenged by the labouring class of the people; they prevailed on the imbecile king, Charles X. to suppress the right of public expression, to abolish the liberty of the press, in order that they might have a free chance to oppress the protestants, and drag them to the dungeons, or banish them from the land of their forefathers, as in time of old, so that they could have no redress or excite public sympathy.

The Lord in his divine justice recompenses the wicked according to his deeds, and protects the righteous as the apple of his eye. He allowed that this wicked act should be perpetrated, but instead of banishing the protestants from the shores of France, he in his mercy stamped the mark of Cain upon the Bourbon family, and as the martyrs' blood, slain by the cruel Bourbon Charles IX. his predecessor, (on St. Bartholomew's night) cried unto the Lord; his wrath was kindled and he banished them from France, to be fugitives and vagabonds upon the earth, and like Cain, they have no abiding place. The French people, who were aware that the plot had been framed

by the Jesuits, cried out vengeance against those traitors in their religious garb; but as these rats turned into their holes, and could not be found, the mob attacked the Palace of the Arch-bishop of Paris, not with the intention of plundering, or to do mischief, but to find out these religious insects and punish them as they deserved; but finding no one in the palace, they (partly out of curiosity) searched through the building, looking for something without knowing what, as it is usually the case in popular commotions. It so happened that some of them found packs of playing cards, which they threw down through the windows to amuse the crowd, who were standing below, and which gave rise to wit and laughter; others entered the bed-chamber of Monseigneur Arch-bishop, when they accidentally opened one of the closets where they found ladies' night caps, and night gowns, which were immediately exhibited to the gazing multitude from the balcony of the Bishop's Palace; (a) this instead of exciting laughter, raised the indignation of the more enlightened citizens, and roused the feeling of vengeance among the lower class of the people against these hypocritical Roman priests, who under the pretext of abstinence and celibacy, commit the enormous crime of adultery and seduce the innocent into the confessional under the garb of a christian sacrament.

The vociferations of the mob, consisted of curses against the long gowned hypocrites which became louder and louder. "Abas avec les preters," were the cries of some, "monsters and tyrants," were added by those who were inside of the Bishop's Palace, "burn the nest and the rats will disperse," was responded by those who were below. At once the fury of the people heightened, like the raging flames on a windy day, which defies human power, and oversteps the limits of human agency, such was the fury of the mob. The Gauls of old with all their barbarities would be considered more civilized than the modern French people on the 7th of

(a) See Constitutionelle de Paris of the sixth and seventh of July, 1830.

July, 1830. The library was thrown out of the windows, piled together and burned, "They are of no use," said the ragged mob, and ignorant populace, "for we are forbidden to read even newspapers." The furniture of Monsigneur the Arch-bishop, shared the same fate, and to fill the cup of popular fury and indignation against the treacherous priests, they unroofed the Palace. The Swiss, these soi disant republicans, occupied in the mean time the Palais Royal, after the Bourbons had been like Cain driven out from their terrestrial paradise; these foreign slaves pointed their murderous weapons through the windows of the Palace, against the Native French citizens, with the view of compelling them to submit to the Jesuits, or die rebels. The French chose the latter, they preferred to die rather than to live without liberty. (a)

Americans! you have the history of the present age, facts that have occurred in your own times, and treacherous acts perpetrated under your own eyes, have they no value, have they no power to awaken you from your political slumber, and religious apathy? Americans! have you no confessionals in the Union, no papal pulpits, and iniquitous Romish nunneries upon your soil? Have you no popish missionaries, no friars and nuns, no Italian priests and Jesuits in the United States? Are not those Jesuits who rebelled in Belgium, and plotted to deprive France of the free press, among you? Have they changed their nature? No! They have changed their climate but not their views. The leopard may change his spots, the Ethiopian his colour, but Jesuits will never cease to plot against protestants; to rebel against protestant governments, and to convulse and if possible, overthrow every republican institution.

In a low room of an old frame house, situated in one of those narrow streets in the city of Brussels, a room which bore the stamp of poverty and even privation, an old man of very indifferent exterior, with a pensive air and stern look, walked up and down in it, apparently

(a) All the newspapers of Paris, the Journal de D bat, le Constitutionnel, &c. confirm the above tragical fact.

much agitated. A letter written with certain signs lay on the table, upon which he looked with contempt and grief, muttering and soliloquizing in a low and scarcely-intelligible voice, "my enemies have triumphed," finally he took up the letter and read :

"*Dear Son* :—The Glory of God, the interest of our holy society and the welfare of the Holy Church requires that you should embark for the United States of America, as soon as you receive this letter, also make arrangements with the Fathers under your jurisdiction to do the same ; you will find further instructions in the city of New York, Washington Street, No. ———

"Your Father in God,

"ANTONIO POTZI, Sec.

"Rome, the 13th September, 1830.

"His Eminence, the Cardinal Prince Fech, (he continued) has been deceived or prejudiced against me, Father Enghand's intrigues and ambition to become a cardinal, is visible in this movement. I have to leave France and Brussels without accomplishing my project, having succeeded in throwing the brand of discord between the Russian government and the Poles, I must leave them to their own fate and remain without the promised recompence."

As he uttered the last word, a knock was heard at the door, and at the call "entrez," a man about thirty-eight years of age, clothed in the best style, entered, who humbly and very devoutly bowed to the poorly clad person ; who was so cordially received, that no person could have distinguished which of the two was the superior. "What is the news?" asked the old man ; the newcomer answered in a submissive and rather dejected manner, "Not much good news. It is announced that the French are coming with 50,000 men to adjust the religious difficulties, consequently they will soon end, and our plan will be defeated. In France our prospects are not much better ; the Napoleonists are weaker than we thought, and even they are divided, one party wishes to

restore the family of Napoleon to the Imperial dignity in France, the other is for a republic. The Bourbon party have lost all hope. Monsieur de Chateaubreant has left Paris and retired to his country seat. The 'Gazette de France' is scarcely read. The constitutional papers do not even take the trouble to refute its arguments." Here he drew a pack of letters from his pocket which he handed to the old man. "Sit down and write," said the poorly clad old man, when the new-comer obeyed, and his superior dictated as follows :

*"Most Reverend Father:—*In obedience to your orders I shall leave Brussels, for New York, in the first packet, which will sail in one week from to-day, in the mean time, I shall make every arrangement for the departure of the Fathers."

Then he took the pen and wrote

"Your Humble Son,

"JOSEFFE PECCORI."

The secretary gave no emotion of surprise, no inquiry was made as to the reasons, for he knew that his superior was equally as ignorant, and as blind an instrument of the Father General of Rome as he was himself; he remained as composed as if he was acquainted with all the circumstances, as if he had been for a long time prepared for the voyage; such is the passive submission of the machine education of the Jesuits.

CHAP. VIII.

INSTRUCTIONS OF THE FATHER GENERAL OF THE JESUITS TO THE PROVINCIAL OF AMERICA.

There might be related many important incidents which occurred among the several little companies of the vagrant Jesuits, who embarked for the United States in different vessels, and with different professions, in order

that they might not excite suspicion when they landed in America; some of them assumed even the protestant creed that they might promote the interest of Jesuitism in the protestant churches. This will show a reason why we daily find protestants, who will advocate popery in an indirect manner; some on the broad platform of religious liberty; others on the high ground of christian charity and tolerance; the third on the pretended principle of benevolence. They say "if the Jesuits are persecuted they will the more rapidly increase; it is therefore better to let them run their own course." So if these protestants are not Jesuits themselves, they have certainly imbibed the spirit of Jesuitism before they are aware of it.

As soon as Father Peccori landed at New York, he went to Washington street, and found the indicated number of the house, he found an old lady nearly seventy years of age; she was a tall, and for her advanced age, a well proportioned woman, she was dressed in black, and very precise, although not in the style of a woman of seventy years, but rather unbecoming one of her age, she appeared however very modest. It was evident that she was a rich penitent, who had left the world for the rosary, because the world was so cruel as to have repudiated her after a long service of years and a sacrifice of youth, beauty, and charms. Scarcely had Father Peccori mentioned his name, when the old lady piously and devoutly kissed his holy annointed hand, imploring his blessing, which the good man did not refuse her; she honoured him with the most sweet and flattering names; she called him "the angel of the Holy city," sometimes, "the messenger of the Holy Father from Rome," at other times she became so enraptured when the Jesuit spoke, that she called him "Holy Father." He took all these titles without the least perturbation of mind, and simply enquired for his letters, which were delivered to him; the pious old matron recounted to him all the melancholy news of the wretched state of the Union, especially the corruption of the protestants; she told him that they did

not only read the Bible themselves, but also introduced it into the families of the Roman Catholics.

As he left the house of the old lady in Washington street, by some fatal accident, the pocket-book of the Jesuit containing his letters, were lost, or what is more probable, stolen by a pick-pocket, as those gentry have a very discerning eye, and easily single out the new-comers as their victims; finding no money in the pocket-book, they threw it away as well as the Italian letters, all of which were found by an American, who was equally unacquainted with the Italian idiom, he gave them to an Italian emigrant who translated them into English, and in that way the General's communication at Brussels, as well as the instructions of the Father General, and the missionary plan adopted by the General Assembly at Rome were known, they were as follows:

"ROME the 30th Sept., 1830.

*"My Dear Son:—*As it has pleased our Holy Father the Vice-gerent and Vicar of Christ, our pontiff Gregory XVI. to consign unto us the United States as the field of our missionary labour, I have chosen you as the head of the Western Province, with the assurance that the Holy Father will recompense your services and that I shall urge on your promotion.

"1st. You must not exercise any ecclesiastical function, for as a secular and a private individual, you will attract no suspicion, and have the opportunity of mingling freely in all political societies, and you will be able to agitate and treat with all the political parties without making our society conspicuous or injuring the interest of the Church of Rome.

"2d. You must never be known to any of the clergy or priests of the other orders, not even to the Bishops; but act through your own confidants and well tried men. A handful of men behind the intrenchment are stronger than a large army in open field.

"3d. You will soon find out that American politics are as fluctuating as the waves which surround that country. The American political parties are as fickle as the waters

which bind their shores. The American population is composed of all the nations of the world, it is a compact mass of heterogeneous elements, which accounts for the instability of political principles; it will be your duty to chain these heterogeneous national ingredients, as you will find necessary, or to divide them and even make them wrestle one against the other, according as our interest will require. It will not be a difficult task for you to embroil or to reconcile according to interest; when the division is made, show it, point out exactly the line of demarcation between the split party, but never heal it.

"4th. The experience of European policy is of no use in your present situation in the United States. In Europe all is fixed, even the court intrigues run round the axis, the centre of which is only one person, a king, or a minister of state, but in the United States all are kings and none govern, except the Constitution, which is not known by the greater mass of the people, and thoroughly studied but by few, with which however, you must be well acquainted.

"5th. As a good politician you should not only study the history of that country, but learn the degree of strength of the parties who appear on the political stage, in order that you may be able to intimidate them if they are weak, oppose them if they have courage, and mislead them if they are rash. Your study as a politician must not be books, but men, in order that you may perfectly know whom you have to employ, and in whom you can trust. For in Europe we have only to act, in a republican country you must have men who can speak, while the more courageous will act. All depends upon not mistaking their characters, which was the case last July in the French revolution.

"6th. You must take hold of every little circumstance, appear to say every thing, though in reality, you must say nothing, in order that you may be able to mislead them with address, without betraying your holy cause. For it is never lawful to vary from the principle: 'that the end justifies the means.' Yield rather when you can-

not do otherwise; never push the matter to a defeat, for in certain circumstances to yield is wisdom, and not weakness, all depends upon knowing the proper moment when to act, and the character of those with whom you have to deal. Therefore be always cool and determined, act not by impulse or by passion; oppose always with a cool head those who have the greatest warmth. The only way to disconcert the most impetuous political adversary is by indifference.

"7th. The means to execute the missionary plan are administered by his Holiness from the funds of the Propaganda, the Leopoldine and the French societies; but it is not sufficient to have men and money at our disposal, we must know how to employ them, and reflect that fortune is not always in the hands of the strongest. The experience of the last unfortunate event in France has sufficiently taught us not to be over zealous in the good cause, and to trust neither in money nor in men. You will find enclosed the missionary plan adopted by the General Assembly, which must be executed with strictness, but always in harmony with the doctrine of expediency."

CHAP. IX.

THE NUNNERIES IN AMERICA.

During the time that the high clergy of Rome, or we may say the Pope of Rome, treated and compromised with the respective *Political leaders*, the Jesuits of the lower order, managed and led the lower class of the people in the political campaign, armed with tickets for the Ballot Box: they had not forgotten to put into execution the Missionary plan adopted by the General Assembly in Rome. But among the important points to be carried into execution, and one which was considered the first and most important was *the establishment of Nunneries*.

For although priests cannot say they have partners in life, they at least can say they have counsellors and comforters in life, which many married men can scarcely say. Nunneries are indispensable for priests ; it is a good pastime for the poor anchorites when tired of prayers and intrigues to take refuge in the faithful bosom of a pious nun ; where he forgets the cares of this corrupt and sinful world.

We who have wives and children, are such great sinners, that we cannot and dare not have that relapse after the toils of the day, for we must procure bread and clothing for our families, which duty the Holy Roman priest can entirely dispense with ; he can have a seraglio like the Ottoman Emperor, and a swarm of children and grandchildren, like the Patriarchs of old, and none will be so cruel as to disturb his peace, by asking of him, a piece of bread.

It is a mystery to profane blind sinners, to know how it happens that Roman priests, such holy men, who take the vow of celibacy, and these pious nuns, who equally solemnly vow to God Almighty to be secluded from this world, and to be separated from men, should always be found with the priests ? In the church we see them whisper together and in the confessional converse for hours with impunity. It cannot be of their sins that they always speak, for pious nuns who say that they pray all day, and never look at a man except at the priests, who have renounced all attachment to worldly objects, cannot have such a long catalogue of sins, as to take one hour every week to recite their iniquities, and another hour for the Holy Father Confessor to rebuke those sins, and whisper some consoling thought in the fair penitent's ear. There must be some other matter which occupies their time. If we enter the convent of the nuns, who do we find ? The priest ! He is there as a matter of course, ready to administer spiritual consolation to any nun, who may happen to fall into a hysterical fit ; and as nuns are very much subject to such hysterical attacks, the priest must be continually in the nunnery to sooth their minds

and comfort their hearts with the *sprinkling* of holy water.

To be a priest is a very lucrative business, but not a very comfortable one, for these nuns are weak vessels, and are subject to hysterical attacks, even at night time, and the priest must go and console them even in the dark hour of night, and as this would be too laborious for one man, there are always *two* or *three* employed in the case of an emergency: but as the worldly are apt to put a bad construction on every thing, even the best and holiest, and the entering of a priest into a nunnery at night time, though it is simply for the consolation of a hysterical nun, still it would give rise to scandal and be a stumbling block to the weak minded: therefore the Holy Catholic and Apostolical Church thought best for the salvation of the faithful,—for the comfort of the hysterical nuns, and over all for the convenience of the holy priests, to make secret communications between the nunneries and the priests houses, which we commonly call **RAT HOLES**. So nobody knows, when the nuns have fits, or their hysterical attacks, and nobody sees the priests walking into the nunneries, where he is received at the inner door by the most Reverend Mother Abbess, (who is usually a stout, masculine, and the best looking woman among them all, in order that she may command respect,) for the most Rev. mother Abbess usually **TAKES THE CREAM OFF FROM THE MILK**; though she is sometimes cheated out of it, for the sister porter has the key of all the rat holes, and doors of the convent, and the reader must also know that the Mother Abbess always chooses the ugliest nun for that office, one who has left the world because the world cared nothing for her; and an ugly woman as she is, she is sometimes flattered, &c. &c., by a young priest, or by some admirer of a nun. She feels a sort of obligation, and yields to any base thing, and descends to the lowest act of ———, only to have the privilege of being on a level with a beautiful nun.

Any *sister porter* of a papal nunnery, is so debauched that an inmate of a brothel, could be considered an inno-

cent virgin, compared with her; the daily occurrences in Roman Catholic countries, and wherever such haunts are established, the scandalous reports, the elopements and immoral acts, perpetrated in nunneries, are nearly all managed by the corrupt sister porters. I maintained it in my youth, and am ready to advocate it in an advanced stage of life, that a young and pretty nun, would be a surer safeguard of morality, than the present system of corruption. But the best and safest guard of morality would be to have no nunneries at all.

If the *rat holes* were only for the priest, when called to calm the mind of the poor nun in time of an hysterical attack, we would say as little of the matter as possible, for these poor creatures have a claim upon our christian sympathies as well as the priest, but the most objectionable part of nunneries is, that the hysterical paroxysms are often so high, that the nuns do not wait for the priest, but run themselves (through the rat hole) to fetch the blessings, and often the attack is so great and protracted, that they forget the hour of matutinum, (morning prayer.) Then the Most Rev. Mother Abbess goes herself through the rat hole, and gets usually so affected, that *three* priests are not strong enough to calm her masculine conscience and soften her maternal wrath, and the reader can imagine, that in such a case *a great deal of sprinkling is necessary.*

Roman Catholics will understand me fully, they know all these things, they never believe in the chastity of the priests, and in the purity of the nuns; but the Roman Catholic and Apostolic church teaches it; who dares denounce the Roman priests for going through the rat holes at all times? Who dares attempt to prevent a most Rev. Mother Abbess from having the privilege of being the first to enjoy the company of every gentleman, who *smuggles* himself into a nunnery? Who is the heretic that will deprive a sister porter of the pleasure of comforting another sister, by admitting an old acquaintance into her cell? None will do it except he intends to expose himself to the excommunication of Mother church.

Father Amato Ricci having had some difficulties with the General in Rome, for not consenting to the change of his father's will, and the unwillingness to deprive his relations of the patrimony left by his deceased father, he compromised with the Father General, on the condition that he would send him to the United States of America as a missionary, and never recall him.

Accordingly he arrived in the United States in the beginning of the year 1831 accompanied by Father Huges who had received some additional letters to his name to render it less huggish. On their arrival, Father Huges remained in the city of New York, where they landed. Father Amato received orders to go to another town, where he performed his ecclesiastical duties with zeal and his missionary labours with pleasure and delight. As nothing is stable in this world, and no happiness permanent upon this earth, he was soon deprived of his tranquility, and plunged into an abyss of sorrow and despair.

In the town where the Father Jesuit laboured as a missionary, were some of these popish female prisons, with all the appendages of rat holes, turnkey sisters, and Father Confessors, who had the gift of calming the hysterical nuns by sprinkling with holy water, &c. &c. The regular confessor of one of these papal nests, was an Irishman by birth and roughness, but as he was young and strong, and not very rigorous towards his fair penitents, they bore with the infirmities of the rough and strong Irish priest. But after the Italian priest came, *and paid a visit of courtesy* to the Most Rev. Mother Abbess, she could not any longer suffer the rough though strong Irish priest to remain. She spoke often of the dark chestnut colored hair which fell in ringlets over the shoulders of the Italian priest; and over all the great contrast of fiery black eye with the vivacity of his movements, his broken English was so harmonious to the pious Mother Abbess' ears, that she wished he might never learn the English; on the contrary, the short cut red hair of the Irish priest, his abruptness in speaking.

and harsh Irish accent became entirely offensive to the grammatical palate of the Most Rev. Mother Abbess; she forcibly and logically concluded, that if the short cut red haired Irish priest, should remain as a permanent confessor, she could no longer govern the pious and humble nuns, moreover if on the contrary, the *black eyed Italian*, (for so he was called by the pious nuns who never look a man in the face,) would become the confessor, there would be more order in the convent and the humble nuns would be stricter in their duty.

The Mother Abbess watched every morning at the window of the vestry, when Father Amato said the mass, then she gave the two little flagons of wine and water, with her own hands, through the window of the vestry; an office which belongs to the servant of the convent; but the great desire to see the black-eyed Italian priest, and the opportunity of speaking a word or two through the window of the vestry, was a sufficient recompense for the humiliation of that stout and masculine pious mother. The other nuns had eyes and hearts too, they agreed entirely with the Most Reverend Mother Abbess, and as ladies are not accustomed to long deliberations, especially when black eyes are the subject of discussion, they wrote a memorial to his Lordship (of the Roman Catholic female prison) "that they would no longer confess to the Reverend Irish gentleman; their reasons, their modesty would not allow them to give; it was sufficient that they had a good reason *in petto*, and that they would not confess to him any more." The stout, masculine, and stately Reverend Mother Abbess signed it with a recommendation, adding "that she on her part, was glad that the sisters took that course, as she had been for a long time dissatisfied, and for reasons known to her alone, she would be glad if his lordship (of the seraglio) would change him immediately; as for herself, she had no predilection and would have no objection to the Reverend Father Amato, as he knew English well enough to make himself understood by his penitents."

His lordship of all the Roman Catholic and Apostolic

harems in America, knew that it would be useless to resist this gang of pious ladies, who under the garb of conscientious scruples would get rid of the unpleasant Irish priest. For his lordship of the papal seraglio was an American, although at the head of the corrupt nunneries as well as the Most Reverend Mother Abbess, and there is always a national feeling existing in such a case. On the other hand, his lordship of the Pope's army, thought as an American ought to think, the Irish Reverend gentleman with his unpleasant English accent might have perhaps become a penitent instead of being the confessor, he may have unburthened his heart to the pious nuns; or the Irish priest may have used his hands instead of his tongue in the confession room, and on that account they were unwilling to confess to that short-cut, red-naired, unpleasant-tongued, and rough Irish priest. For his lordship, the representative of Pope Gregory XVI. in America, is perfectly acquainted with these things; it is a common event, a daily occurrence in that holy church. That the reader may not think I exaggerate, I will give text and chapter. *Alfredus* says of the convents of the monks:

"Fuisse clericorum domos prostibula meretricum conciliabulum histrionum, ubialeae, saltus, cantus, patrimonium regum, elemosinae principum profligarentur, imo pretiosissime sanguinis pretium, et alia infanda. (a)

Which signifies, "the houses of the priests and monks were brothels for harlots, and filled with assemblies of buffoons, wherein is gambling, dancing, and music, amid every nameless crime, the donation of royalty and the benevolence of princes, the price of precious blood was most prodigally squandered."

Otto, on this topic is very plain. As the Roman priests will deny the truth, the reader must indulge me when I give the latin text;

"Quod dicere pudet, Quidam in tanto libidine mancipantur, ut obscenas meretriculas sua simul in domo secum habitare, uno cibum summere ac publici degere per

(a) *Alfredus*, ch. ii.

mittant. Unde meretrices ornantur ecclesiae vastantur, pauperes tribulantur," &c. (a)

• The English is thus :

"It is not to be said without shame, that some of the clergy have been sold to their lusts, they kept filthy harlots in their houses; and in a public manner, lived, bedded, and boarded with their consecrated paramours, the hirelings of pollution were adorned, the church wasted, and the poor oppressed, by men who professed to be the patrons of purity, the guardians of truth, and the protectors of the wretched and needy."

Damian represents the confession of the guilty mistress to the guilty priest as an aggravation of crime, an insult to good sense, and a mockery to God, and an exhibition of the moral corruption of popery.

"Les coupable se confessent à leurs complices, qui ne leur imposent point de penitences convenable." (b)

A third proves that such corruptions in nunneries and cloisters are very frequent, and that their own writers, have complained of that evil : I shall give it for the benefit of Roman Catholics, for the instructions of Protestants, and edification of Roman priests. This adultery and fornication of the holy clergy of Rome degenerated in many instance into incest and other abominations of the grossest crime.

Binius informs us thus :

"Quidam sacerdotum cum propriis sororibus concumbentis filios ex eis generassent." (c) "Some priests (according to the councils of Ments) had sons by their own sisters." And *Campeggio* that celebrated Jesuit teaches :

"Quod sacerdotes fiant mariti; multo asse gravius peccatum quam se plurimas doni meretrices alunt. Nam illos habere persusum quasi recte faciant, hos autem scire et peccatu magnofiere." (d)

It is thus in plain English, "That a priest who be-

(a) Also, Ep. 9. Dachez i. 439.

(b) *Damian* in *Bruy*, ii, 356, and *Giannon*, x. § 2.

(c) *Binius*, vii, 137, and *Labbeus*, ii. § 86.

(d) *Campeggio* in *Sleiden*, 96.

comes a husband commits a more grievous sin, than if he was to keep many domestic harlots." Or in other words, a priest rather than marry should according to the precious doctrines of the Jesuits keep a seraglio, that is, a nunnery.

After such authorities, the reader will easily perceive that his lordship of the Holy gang saw the object of the pious nuns and Holy Mother Abbess; that they were tired of the rough Irish priest, and preferred the polite Italian Jesuit. He accordingly gave orders "That the Irish priest should go into the country; and that the Italian priest should be the confessor of the whole Roman seraglio." He first resisted the orders, and would not leave until his lordship, his ecclesiastical tyrant would give him a good reason for the arbitrary act, which his lordship refused to give; and which his lordship thought a gross insult to ask of him, when he himself had none to give. It is an historical fact that an Irish priest some time ago resisted his ecclesiastical master, who ordered him to a country station, to the scandal of all the heretics in America, and to the joy of the news-writers in the Union.

The Most Reverend Mother Abbess furnished his residence in a new and tasteful style; the other nuns ornamented it, and when he entered his new habitation, he thought that he had entered Italy again. Full-grown Orange trees, intermixed with Lemon and shrubs, surrounded his little parsonage. His rooms appeared more like gardens than dwellings, pots of flowers of the most charming smell, exotic plants of the sweetest odour, were symmetrically placed in the corners of the house, a large crystal basin with gold fish was placed upon the centre table; the altar was so tastefully ornamented, that he could not but tarry before it, and admire the genius of the mind who conceived the design of it, and involuntarily kneeled down before the crucifix, and adored his Redeemer, who was slain for the sins of the world.

These were at that time the sentiments which occupied his mind. This change of residence, and such un-

expected scenery, instead of gladdening his heart augmented his sorrows; every orange-branch reminded him of Italy, of home, of his youth, and of the happy hours which he had spent in Donna Camilla's company, whom he thought now to be in Heaven; every flower, its fragrantcy renewed Italy in his heart, and over all, the distressing thought occupied his mind, that he had robbed his relations of their fortune, to which they had a legal right, which was left to them by his father, and was appropriated in a clandestine way to the Order of the Jesuits, who had not even respect for the dead, but falsely declared his father deranged, and not capable of making his will, in order that the whole of his fortune should be secured to Father Amato, who could not dispose of it for his own use, and in that way the legal inheritors were deprived of their fortunes.

That the reader may not think that this is a mere assertion without a shadow of truth. I will give examples from their own *Constitution*, or *Monita Secreta*, to show that they act by fixed principles.

"Ante tria vota publica coadjutores re ipsa, sive bona, relinquere, ac pauperibus dispensare debent, ut consilium Evangelium, quod non dicit: da consanguinibus, sed pauperibus, perfectius sequantur." (a)

In English it is thus:

"Before the three public votes, the Coadjutors must dispose of their private property, and distribute it to the poor, according to the advice of the Gospel which does not say *give it to your relations, but to the poor*, which is more perfect." As a matter of course, by the poor, we must always understand the *order of the Jesuits*.

Again we read in the Secret Institute:

"Ante ingressum, quivis de bonis suis pro suo arbitratu statuere potest, sed postquam ingressus est disponere oportet, ita ut decet virum spiritaulis vitæ sectatorum.(b)

The English is this:

"Before he enters into the society he can dispose of

(a) *Monita Secreta*, Exam., chap. iv.

(b) *Declar. in Costit.*, page 3, chap. i.

his property as he pleases (and who thanks them for it) but after he enters he must dispose of it as a religious person." That is at the will of another, as it was in the case of Father Amato Ricci."

To place the iniquity of Jesuitism in a clearer light, I will give you another article from their Constitution, which will show that they do not take the property under the plea of poverty, but on the ground that it is more perfect and agreeable to God, than if the legitimate heirs should receive it.

"Qui ingressu suo, vel post ingressum, motus sua devotione, vellet bona sua, vel eorum partem, *in societas subsidium* dispensare, *haut dubie* opus faceret majoris perfectionis; exoptando majus et universalius bonum societatis, *quae tota ad majorem Dei gloriam, ac universale bonum, et utilitatem animarum* instituta est. *Ideo, hoc judicium ei relinquat qui societatis universae curam debet.*" (a)

"Before or after his entering into the society a devotional impulse should compel him to give his personal property or a part of it to the Society which is indisputably one of the greatest perfections and excellencies, since the SOCIETY IS CONSECRATED ALTOGETHER TO THE GREATER GLORY OF GOD, TO THE UNIVERSAL INTERESTS OF HUMANITY, AND TO THE PERFECTION OF SOULS."

The idea that he was obliged to leave Italy, not having courage to look his own relations in the face, who would have cursed him for his dishonesty of which they had thought him not capable, the crime of which they would not have been guilty, but for which a Jesuit is neither ashamed, nor feels remorse, broke his heart, and would have almost driven him to despair if a gentle knock at the door, had not turned his mind from that afflicting subject. He was too overcome with his melancholy thoughts, to be able to answer the summons, when the door opened, as if caused by a refreshing breeze in a

(a) Constitution, page 3, chap i.

summer evening, and a female's head made its appearance. It was the old and ugly sister porter, who like a reptile crept in at the door, first with her head and then dragged in her skeleton body after her. She in a cunning manner told him "of the anxiety, which the Most Rev. Mother Abbess had for his comfort, and how the Mother Abbess (then that venomous viper touching the most tender chord of the heart) was afraid, that he being a stranger in this country far from his kindred and those that were dear to him, would feel loath to speak of his wants and perhaps suffer privation; but," she added, "he must not say any thing to the Mother Abbess of what she had confided to him."

Father Amato naturally sensible, felt that he was really a stranger and the kindness which the Mother Abbess manifested towards him caused him to forget, that she was an ugly serpent in the shape of a woman, and that he had a turnkey sister before him; he clasped her dry, bony hand between his own, saying, "O! if the Mother Abbess could only know how thankful I am and how I appreciate her motherly kindness!" Then the ugly turnkey lady became proud, and self-satisfied; she was the first who had been touched by the beautiful Italian priest, she felt as if other blood circulated through her veins, as if like the phoenix who renews the strength and vigor of youth in the fire, so that wretched being felt, as if by the touch of that young priest, she had become young again. It is scarcely needful to say, that she offered her services to the young confessor for which he kindly thanked her, and assured her that he would make use of her kind offers in time of need. So she left him and crept through the rat hole into the convent. The night passed quietly, the nuns had no hysterical attacks, though they slept very little, for they prepared for the confession of next day, and being a new confessor, they prepared for a *general confession*, in order that the new Father Confessor should know their whole life; how holy it had been from their youth until that day. Poor

Father Amato, how little did he know of the misfortunes he would have to endure.

The next morning after the early mass, he entered the parlour of reception of the nuns and took breakfast, assisted by the Most Reverend Mother Abbess, and served by some of the nuns. The reader must know that every convent has a special room for reception, none can enter any cell of the nuns, except the priests, especially when the nuns are unwell, and are in want of spiritual comfort, or have an attack of hysterics, and have need of being soothed both in body and in soul. After breakfast the Father Confessor entered a small room, where the nuns one by one enter and confess their sins to the priest. O! if the walls of that little chamber could speak of the scenes which they have witnessed, of the corruptions they have heard from the lips of the confessor, and these fair penitents, what a lesson it would be to parents, what a warning it would be to nations, and what an exposure of popery would be here presented.

The Most Reverend Mother Abbess was the first who entered, and with a throbbing heart, and trembling knees which were scarcely able to support her body. It was not the sentiment of repentance, and the feeling of a contrite and broken heart, which reduced her to that state, it was the expression of a passionate woman, who was obliged to speak of her sins, when she would have preferred to speak of her affection. Finally she was with Father Amato, the idol of her heart alone, she kneeled down before him, not simply to perform the usual exterior ceremonies of a penitent before a confessor, but as a worshipper at the shrine of his idol. It is usual for the penitent to kiss the cross of the *stole* which the priest has around his neck, but the Mother Abbess was more devoted than that, she kissed the Father Confessor's hand. At the beginning she was confused, but after she had repeated the *confiteor*, the confessor assisted her memory, not like the rough Irish priest, but with all the politeness of a well-bred Italian; every word which came from his lips was music to her ears; her heart was too full to say

much, and her confession was very short. After the absolution she kissed again (in the fervour of her pretended piety) the confessor's hand instead of the stole, and left the little room, and well it was that she left it, for in a few moments more she would have fainted. The space was narrow, the air too confined, the object of affection too nigh, the dissimulation too great, and the torture too strong for a woman of such passions.

The nuns then followed one after the other, they confessed as nuns usually do, idle conversation, senseless tales, petty intrigues, little slanders, and sweet love tales, carried on in the convent, they did not forget to confess the impudence and liberties of the Irish priest and similar sickening stuff until eleven o'clock A. M. which is the hour of high mass. Father Amato was obliged to set there all that time; sometimes he was quite listless and tired of their idle talk, he helped their memories, tried to despatch the business, which the nuns did not like much, for they were accustomed to chat with the Irish confessor, about every thing except their soul's salvation. The last of all the nuns was the Sister Porter; she entered with great indifference, approached with the impudence of a profligate woman, and began immediately with the sins of others, &c., if Father Amato had not stopped her now and then, she would have actually confessed the sins of all the nuns, from the Mother Abbess down to the sister who washes the plates in the kitchen, except her own; but there was something in the confession of that viper penitent, which attracted the Jesuits curiosity. She confessed: "Father I am scandalized about a nun."

Confessor. "What nun is it, and what about her, tell me my daughter?"

Penitent. "She is an Italian, and the dignitaries of the Order, even his lordship, frequents her cell, and remain for hours with her alone."

C. "My daughter you must always look into your own heart, when the temptation comes, to see the defects of others. It is the duty of the Mother Abbess to watch over the morals of the nuns, and not yours. And it is

sinful, doubly sinful to suspect his lordship, such a holy man, and the Italian sister upon no other ground, than that they are shut up together in the cell, where they may spend their time in prayer."

P. "Father I am not scandalized because his lordship frequents her cell, for it is a great privilege to have the private counsel of such great and holy men, but because that she has refused to confess to you, much more so being her own countryman."

The Jesuit's curiosity was augmented as he could never imagine who it could be, and how she came into an American nunnery, as Italy abounds with such haunts.

C. "From what part of Italy is she?"

P. "The Mother Abbess says that she is from the city of Rome."

C. "What is her name? Do you know any thing of her history?"

P. "Her name in the convent is Isabella. I do not recollect her family name, it is so odd. The Mother Abbess says that she is from a noble family; and she is very much indulged; She never rises to mattutinum, she seldom comes into the refectory. She is more of a boarder than a nun. But the Mother abbess says that she is *crazy*."

The Jesuit, lost in his thoughts, entirely forgot that he was in the confessional; but as such espionage, family enquiries, and intrigues, are common things in the confessional, he felt at liberty to continue his queries and satisfy his curiosity.

C. "What does the Italian nun do, that causes the Mother Abbess to think that she has lost her senses?"

P. "I see nothing out of the common order, she reads, and is generally occupied, but sometimes she breaks the roses in the garden and says in her Italian jargon, '*questo e per il sepolchro del mio caro Amato*.' We have asked our former Irish Father Confessor of the signification, who looked into the dictionary, and interpreted it: '*This*

is for the sepulchre of my dear lover.' That is all she does that indicates a mad person."

The protestant reader will scarcely believe that such a useless and soul-destroying chat could be the subject of the confessional, but when I assure them that in general, the most immoral questions are put to girls and boys, even of twelve years of age, the reader will not be surprised at the above confessional conversation. To prove what I say, I shall give a short extract from "*The Key of Paradise*." (a)

1. "Have you been guilty of fornication, and how often?"

2. "Have you *desired* to commit either, and how often?"

3. "Have you intended to commit either, and how often?"

4. "Have you taken pleasure in thinking on any improper subject, and how often?"

5 "Have you endeavoured to excite your passions and how often?"

6. "Have you been guilty of indecent liberties, and how often?"

7. "Have you read indecent writings, and lent them to others, and how often?"

8. "Have you exposed indecent pictures?"

9. "Have you joined in indecent conversation, and how often?"

10. "Have you committed any gross sin against chastity?"

If decency would permit me to give the vile questions and details of certain subjects, which the priests ask married women, the reader would think that hell and the confessional were synonymous. I feel as though I have gone to the utmost verge of propriety, by consenting to transfer the preceeding list. I shall not insult the understanding of my readers, by attempting to prove the corrupt tendency of such questions, especially when pro-

(a) Key of Paradise, p. 15, Philadelphia Edition.

pounded to children ; (a) but rather continue my narrative. Father Amato was an Italian himself, and knew the temperament of the women of his country, and with what intense passion they love, when they really love, and at the same time, he felt that this reptile penitent was too corrupt to feel such sacred fire in her bosom, too ugly to have been loved by any being, and only served as a concubine to the priests. He cut her short and gave the absolution, with the conviction that the Italian nun was the victim of jealousy and envy, which is generally and cruelly exercised, and most painfully felt in convents.

CHAP. X.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

A week passed, and nothing new occurred except that some of the younger nuns had now and then a slight attack, and the young Jesuit was called to confess, to bless, sprinkle, and to calm them. As these confessions, blessings, and calmings must be done under four eyes only, that is to say, *tete a tete* in the chamber, and not a soul is permitted to witness the proceedings, "by poena excommunications." The Mother Abbess felt fickle about it, and for the first time in her life, she conceived heretical ideas and protestant feelings in her heart, questioning the propriety of the admittance of the priests into the bed-chamber of a lady alone, undisturbed, on the plea of indisposition on the woman's side, and the pretention of the priest to administer spiritual comfort. The reason was obvious, for she did not like to see the Italian Jesuit with his bright black eyes, blessing the nuns when they thought proper to receive spiritual comfort, *tete a tete* ; and she was determined to enact a commandment, additional to the ten, or rather in completion of the ten commandments, (for the Roman Catholic and Apostolic church has only

(a) The Confession of a Catholic Priest, ch. xiii.

nine commandments.) "That from now and henceforth no nun shall be subject to any fits hysterical, or appoplectical, such being a nuisance in the holy convent, and a disgrace to the holy women, who are retired from the world."

As it is usually the case with ladies in power, the thought scarcely strikes before the deed is executed, so it was with the jealous Mother Abbess; forgetting that she has the same privileges as the others, except she submits to the humiliating process of going through the rat hole, to bring the blessing by herself; at all events, it would be a great blessing for thousands of families, if their husbands had the enterprising spirit of some ladies, and would follow the counsel of their wives.

Before I continue my narrative, I must give a short description of the proceedings and ceremonies on such occasions, at least as much as my protestant female readers dare to know. The Roman Catholic community know all, and must blush at certain ceremonies, which if performed among protestants, they would declare them immoral, anti-social, corrupt, and heathenish.

When a Roman Catholic woman, of whatever class or condition, desires to have the Roman priest in her bedroom, she says that she is indisposed and should like to confess, or receive spiritual comforts, she has only to send for him, and the husband must submit to the most humiliating process, and priestly tyranny of the darkest age. When I shall show the reader that the husband must stand outside the door with a burning taper in his hand the whole time, that it pleases the priest to comfort his wife with closed doors. In Europe, the priest comes into the house, dressed in priestly garments nearly the same as when he says the mass. A half-a-dozen of children in short white surplices, with lighted tapers in the middle of the day. The priest carries the golden box with the transubstantiated wafer Gods, saying something in Latin, which no one understands, sometimes not even the priest himself, generally some verses of the penitential psalms, a dozen of old devotees follow to the house, then the

priest enters and the others remain in the street, until the priest has performed his functions.

In America, (where they know that they would be laughed at, and hissed at by the children in the street at such a ridiculous display, if the American mothers should dress their children in pontificals, in six months we would see little Roman priests running in the streets, from eight years old and above,) they perform their mummeries in secret.

As soon as the priest is called into any house in America, he sends a box which contains the priestly garments, a censor and perfume, a ciborium and other priestly humbugs ; the golden box excepted, which contains the God-wafer he confides to no one, this the priest carries in his pocket. Arrived at the house, he dresses himself in sacerdotal pomp, with the stole over his neck, the burning censor in his hand, then he perfumes the whole house through, in order to drive the Devil and evil spirits out of it, and when the Devil and all the evil spirits are driven out, except his Reverence, the Jesuit, then he enters the bed-chamber of the indisposed lady and shuts the door after him. The husband and the rest of the family kneel at the same time before the door, with burning tapers in their hands, making light for the priest outside, while his Reverence is inside, until the whole of the priestly business transaction is completed. The priest being assured on his part, that there is no evil spirit in the bed-room but himself, he approaches the bed, mumbling some Latin prayers, but being afraid that the evil spirit may yet have remained, perhaps, under the cover, he lays one end of the stole which he has around his neck, upon the bed, and to do that he must naturally sit very near the bed, where the indisposed penitent lies, then the spiritual father breathes into the face of the fair penitent, saying, "Hephata," and to perform that priestly gallantry, he must approach as close to the lady's face as possible, otherwise, the charm has no effect ; in that manner, and in that indecent position, the sprinkling of holy

water not forgotten, the Roman Catholic lady receives her spiritual comfort on her bed.

Protestant American Gentleman, who intend to marry a Papist woman, consider earnestly what you are doing; for you must expect the priest in your house: the wife in the priest's confessional. The Roman priests have instructions to encourage all such marriages, but must oppose it where the woman is a Protestant, and the man a Papist. Americans! Sons of American Protestant parents, consider every step, for the Jesuits lay snares, to destroy your earthly happiness and your soul's salvation. The lady is generally drest on such occasions in white, and the priests assure us, that ladies look the most beautiful in their white night-dresses, being the emblem of purity. In fact, they have shown their good taste for the ladies' night garments; in the last French Revolution of the three glorious days of July 1830, when the Bishop's palace in Paris was unroofed, the ladies' white night caps were among the gallant articles found in Monsigneur's bed-chamber. The same tasteful fineries have been found in the priests' houses in other countries also, at the suppression and expulsion of the Jesuits by popular attack, as well as by civil authority.

That the reader may not doubt my statements, and say that I descend below the platform of clerical dignity and decency of a gentleman, I will quote the standard writers of Holy Mother, her councils, and the reader will see, that I have kept the dignity of a Gospel Minister: and I challenge all the Jesuits in the land, to detect a false quotation, or disprove aught I shall advance.

Costerus teaches that "a priest sins, if he commits fornication; but he sins more if he marries."^(a)

Cardinal Campeggio taught that "a priest who marries, commits a more grievous transgression than if he kept many concubines."^(b)

St. Bernard the last of the Fathers of Holy Mother

(a) *Costerus*, chap. xv.

(b) *Campeggio* in *Sleiden*, p. 96. & *Thuan Hist.* II, page 418.

Church, not later than the twelfth century declares to the world, "that sins, committed by Bishops and Priests in secret (that is to say, in the confessional,) such acts even of turpitude, that it would be scandalous to express, are less sinful than to marry."(a)

Agrippa in Boyle 1, tells us of a Romish Bishop, "who boasted on one occasion of having in his diocese *eleven thousand* priests who paid him each, one guinea annually, for a papal licence to keep a concubine." (That is a good income for a bishop, worthy of the holiness of Roman priests.)

The famous writer and honest reprover of the priest's vices declares:

"The adultery, impurity, and obscenity of the priest, to be beyond all description!—They," he says, "crowd into houses of ill fame: they spend their time in eating, drinking, revelling and dancing. These sacerdotal sensualists fought, roared, rioted and blasphemed God, and the saints. And from the company of infamous women they would pass to the altar and the mass!" Also, "to veil a woman, or to make a nun of her, was synonymous with prostituting her."(b)

The *Council of Valladolid* say of the Spanish priests, that "the clergy live lives of enormity and profligacy in public concubinage."(c)

This declaration was renewed in the Council of Toledo, in 1473.(d)

The reader will pardon the digression and we shall now lead them back into the Holy Roman Catholic Seraglio from which we came a few minutes ago.

The Most Rev. Mother Abbess actually issued the order in which she prohibited all temporary attacks of any kind, &c. After such an ecclesiastical ukas, or edict in petticoats, it would have been no wonder, if these poor nuns would have raised the cap of liberty, and revolted against such an unnatural law. But fortunately it was

(a) St. Bernard in Con. Rheim, 1728.

(b) Clemangis 26, Lenian I, p. 70, & Bruy Rom. III, p. 610, 611.

(c) Labb. Vol. XIV, p. 247.

(d) Labb. Vol. XIX, p. 389, and Bini Council, Vol. VIII, p. 957.

the week before Lent, which the Roman Catholics call carnival, and as these Papal revelries, or rather Pagan Bacchanalians are also observed in the nunneries they had no time to reflect and no leisure to revolt, not even to get into hysterical fits.

In the carnival the nuns are dispensed from rising early and going early to bed, they are also dispensed from the choir, and from the *horae canonicae*, the mass excepted. They have permission to receive visits at all times, the evenings not excepted; besides those they receive in a clandestine way, by the help of the Sister Porter, and also through the rat holes, which is approved by the Catholic and Apostolical Mother Church; not by canons, but by usages, and usage in the Church of Rome is law by canon.

The clergy of Paris thus expressed themselves against such religious revelry in the convents.

"The principal evil of such immorality is, that it not only depraves the morals, but corrupts the very principle of morality, which is of infinitely greater importance. The nature of man has a bias to evil from his birth, and is commonly restrained alone by the terror of the law; as soon as that barrier is removed, the passions domineer without control so that there is no difference between permitting vice and rendering all men vicious." (a)

Every evening during the time of the carnival there is a ball in the convent. The holy nuns are masked, some as hussars, others as doctors, some as buffoons, or sailors but always as men. Why the holy sisters have such a preference for the pantaloons, on these occasions, the Roman priests will explain. They are unbridled in their manners, loose in their conversation, which plainly shows what they have in their hearts, and what they would do if they had a chance, and what they are able to do in secret as soon as an opportunity presents itself, as the *Curates de Paris* says:

"The nature of man has a bias to evil from his birth, and is commonly restrained alone by the terror of the

(a) See *Premier Ecrit des Cures de Paris par la Morale de Jesuites.*

law as soon as that barrier is removed," as it is through the walls of the convent, and the idea not to be seen by the world, it is no wonder that the passions of the nuns domineer without control.

The Italian nun was indisposed and could not attend this catholic revelry. Father Amato attended very seldom, made himself rather rare in the convent, and appeared only when called. But on Tuesday evening before Ash-Wednesday, which is the last evening of the carnival, the Most Rev. Mother Abbess gave a *pic nic*, to which she invited Father Amato. She appeared in *secular array*, studying very carefully to avoid every thing which could recall to mind the least monastic association, and she was really beautiful. She was the Queen of the fete; she would have carried off the palm, had the Italian nun not made her appearance.

The Jesuit approached the Mother Abbess with less ceremony, but with more veneration. She was equally more free: the secular habit gave her greater confidence, and his Italian frankness was not depreciated even by the American woman, and they entertained themselves for a long time, when at once a nun appeared in the midst of the saloon, who was the only one of the whole assembly in the religious habit. Like Hecate in Macbeth, her presence inspired a charm and a fear. Her look was as stern as that of a ghost, and with a slow and firm step, she approached the two persons, who sat retired in a corner of the saloon, a small table before them, upon which two bottles of Italian wine of different sorts and several glasses were standing.

The Mother Abbess immediately rose and introduced the Sister Isabella, to the Father Confessor, her *countryman*. The word countryman directed naturally her eye upon the Jesuit, when she fell to the ground as if a thunder bolt had been precipitated upon her. The dance ceased, and the masquerade and other amusements were disturbed until the Italian nun was carried off.

Father Amato equally attracted by the circumstance of seeing so unexpectedly a woman of his country, much

more so as he had become interested in the history of that woman in the confession of the Sister Porter. He experienced some unpleasant feeling, which he could not explain: it appeared to him as if the Italian nun bore a striking resemblance to Donna Camilla, but the idea that it was only a fancy or a trick of Nature, reconciled his mind, to an event, which had somewhat disturbed him. After a moment's reflection, however, he laughed over the weakness, that had prompted him to think of Donna Camilla, who had been so long dead, as it was folly to think she should be again returned to life. Moreover, considering the last token of friendship, before her death, which was eight years ago, and which he yet preserved as a sacred relic, ought to have satisfied him, and obliterated all suspicions and doubts. In fact he made an effort to shake off that absurd impression, but could not succeed. Absurd and ridiculous, as it appeared, the idea forcibly pressed his mind, that it may be *an intrigue of Jesuitism* to deprive the legal heirs of their inheritance, as it was in his case, and being himself a Jesuit, having seen so many contrivances and intrigues of a similar character, and having co-operated as a coadjutor in such unjust, inhuman, and degraded proceedings, the difficulty was so much greater to divest himself of the feelings and doubts which had taken hold of his heart. Under the pressure of such agonizing feelings and distressing thoughts of hope and despair, he continued his conversation with the Most Rev. Mother Abbess, dressed in strict secular array, but not with the same freeness, much less the same gaiety.

The same thoughts occupied the mind of the Italian nun, as soon as she recovered, but different feelings took possession of her heart. The evidence which she had of the death of her friend, before she took the veil, was sufficient to satisfy her mind. The conviction of his death was so great that the remembrance of him was always associated with the grave. The resignation of her mind, the calmness of her heart, as a consequence of the evidence of his death, ought to have been sufficient reason

to her under present circumstances. But she saw Ricci, and all the former impressions, convictions, evidences, and even the grave vanished like vapour at the rays of the rising sun. Love occupied the place of reason; for these two antagonists can never dwell together in the human heart.

As long as people reason they are sure not to be wounded by Amor's dart.

The Italian nun reasoned not, for she loved, her heart was convinced that her friend was alive, though her mind had been persuaded, that he was dead. She saw the idol of her heart, the hope of her youth, and the desire of the blossom of her age.

The saloon was again filled with gay ladies and monastical masqueraders; the piano-forte was again touched, and the pious nuns danced a quadrille; all was gay again, except the Most Rev. Mother Abbess, and the Italian Jesuit, who tried to be gay also, but could not; both dissimulated. The Italian Jesuit excelled in that art, and the Mother Abbess who felt unwell, and a wonder it would have been, had she felt otherwise under such circumstances, retired, and the Father Confessor, as an act of duty as well as gallantry, accompanied her, to calm the attack of the masculine nerves of the Holy Mother Superior of that papal gang. They laid off all ceremonial and ecclesiastical constraint, perhaps strengthened by the few glasses of foreign wine, and encouraged by the present circumstances of Carnival freedom, she unburthened her heart, not of her sins, but of her passion. Not being anxious to receive the absolution from the Father Confessor, but his heart, neither for penance, but for a reward. In the beginning she hesitated, and with a stammering voice, and a timid look, she expressed herself; but the idea struck her, that the Italian was a priest, and she a nun, both solemnly vowed to celibacy, which means in the Roman Catholic language, not purity of mind, not chastity of heart, but simply, not to marry, and that she had to fear no rival from without. She took courage, and without great ceremony, and without

any circumlocution, or bashful looks, without even a blush, she confessed what she felt for her Holy Confessor, who on his part thought it a fortunate event, to aid his purposes, and to accelerate his scheme. He with all the finesse of a Jesuit, and politeness of an Italian, corresponded unhesitatingly with the same frankness.

CHAP. XI.

PROVINCIAL ASSEMBLY.

Time rolled on, the people not knowing or not willing to know the outrages of papal corruptions and other anti-social events occurring in the Union. As Americans are very good-natured, and easily forget the past, especially when any election is near at hand, and have a hope of enlisting some voters in their political ranks, they coax the Pope, forgive the devil all their past wrongs and trespasses, only if they will conduct themselves in future as gentlemen, and give their patronage at the Ballot Box.

To give strength to papal influence, nothing but an ecclesiastical display was necessary, and it was performed with all the pomp, and religious solemnity of Rome. It was the Provincial Assembly held in a cathedral, composed of all the great dignitaries manufactured at Rome, and sent by the Pope to America as spies, and political agitators in the party political arena, to over-balance the elections of that party which would not humbly bow to O'Connel, the Pope, and the Devil. The cathedral at that place, represented at that time the Carnival at Rome, a large number of masked men with mitres and glittering robes, cut in a very ludicrous shape; caricatures of outlandish forms, buffoons, par excellence in all their turnings, facings, bowings, crossings, and kneelings; even little boys participated in the comedy, which they were pleased to call worshipping God. The American protestants were delighted, they run in scores, to see the performance,

and as the protestants of that place are very pious, they thronged by thousands into the papal cathedral, especially as the religious comedy was represented gratis.

I am really astonished, when I consider the prudence the American ladies possess, that they had not the good taste to dress their children in pontificals, They dress them as firemen, as sailors, as soldiers, &c., would it not look charming to see priests of all sizes running about the streets, it would do a great deal of good even to the Roman priests themselves, they could see how foolish they look when they dress so funny, and what buffoons they appear at the mass. But we have religious liberty, every one to his taste.

These minions of the Pope had also their sessions, but in conclave, that is to say, in secret, for the Holy Ghost never operates upon Roman dignitaries in public, we have no instance of it. Always in secret; consequently we can give our reader no resolutions, speeches, or schemes framed in that conventical, waiting for the effusion of the Holy Spirit, like the Millerites for the destruction of the world, fortunately both of them have been disappointed. Even if the inspiration of the papal Holy Spirit (a) would have been a public exhibition, it would be still no inspiration at all, without the sanction of Pope Gregory XVI., who is above the Holy Spirit. For the papal inspirations are all farces. The dignitaries of the church of Rome are all papists, their acts have no more value, and command no more respect, than an assembly of old women, if the Pope of Rome does not sanction them. The body Catholic, Apostolic and Rome being in conclave, we are not able to say more about their proceedings, than of what they have had the good pleasure to let us know. Among the wonderful inspirations, I shall give to the reader only a few items.

(a) The doctrine of the Church of Rome is blasphemous! She pretends to have a Catholic Bible; to be the only saving Catholic Church; to have an infallible Vicar of Christ, residing at Rome. And the blasphemy of all blasphemy is, that they pretend, that the Holy Spirit manufacture Popes, and presides at the Roman councils, composed of whoremongers, and adulterers.

1st. This holy body passed a resolution of approval of the wreckless conduct of the Bishop of Cologn, who rebelled against his legitimate sovereign, the king of Prussia, who convulsed the whole kingdom, and set the subjects in the Rein Province against their own local authorities. They prefixed a preamble of condolence, for the sufferings and persecutions, which he endured for the righteous cause of popery, and he will without doubt, some day, be canonized as a martyr of papal iniquity. The reader may be perfectly satisfied on this subject, as I am confident that the *Devil's Advocate* (a) will have no great trouble to disprove his miracles, as he never performed any, and will easily defeat his claims to sainthood, as he is not popular enough to collect the hundred thousand scudi as a fee for the privilege of making miracles.

2d. Another important item of the corrupt papal inspiration, was the prohibition of mixt marriages, because priests confess women, and they prefer concubines to wives. Another reason is, because they wish that all the young girls should enter into the nunneries, under their spiritual care, which means in the Roman Catholic language, to be imprisoned, and none but the priests, who are unmarried men, can enter these female prisons, chastise them if they choose, be kind and gentle if they think proper, and carry the key of these seraglios in their pockets. These foreigners by birth and habits, religion, and morals, make laws; not to celebrate the matrimonial ceremony in such cases, where all the parties are not papists; and if the marriage ceremony has been performed by a protestant minister; the priest must refuse the absolution, until they solemnly promise to bring up their children in Roman ignorance and papal corruption; then they must be married over again by the priest.

3d. The great and important question of Education has been entirely settled by these all assuming priests.

(a) The Devil's Advocate is an officer in the curia Romana who receives 10,000 scudi, for constituting a mock trial, in which he tries to disprove the miracles; for that he is called the Devil's Advocate.

When we speak of education in the Roman Catholic church, the reader must not misunderstand, and think that we mean learning, or good morals, and training of youth, but in the Jesuitical sense ; proselyting, aggrandizement, and captivating the rising generation.

The agitation about the *education fund* in our cities where they have the slightest foot hold, is not for the money only, it is some thing more than that, it is popery in the most cunning form.

Experience has taught us that *the children of Protestant emigrants* of whatever country or language are easily Americanized, and so quickly amalgamated among the country-born, that their national peculiarities are entirely lost. It is the interests of the Pope of Rome, and that of his priests in America, to prevent this national blessing, to counteract progress, as much as it lies in their power, and keep up the nationality of the Pope's subjects in this country : for as long as the Irish emigrant remains an Irishman, he is manageable by the priest, and devoted to the interests of his Ghostly Father ; but as soon as he becomes Americanized, he feels the dignity of a freeman and renders himself independent of the priest.

The same holds good with their children, as soon as the Irish boy frequents the school with the American boys, he will no longer suffer himself to be called Irish, and looks upon his parents as foreigners, and in proportion as the boy feels the dignity of an American, he will feel his independence, and the difficulty of the priest to control him, will augment.

That the language preserves nationality is beyond doubt. It has been the door and also the barrier to the march of the Reformation. Every nation whose language was derived from the Latin, rejected the Reformation, and resisted its blessed influence, as Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, &c. On the contrary all the other countries whose idiom was derived from the Saxon, and the Theotonic dialects were spoken, the Reformation was cheered and adopted.

The Holy Alliance of the European Sovereigns, give

us at present an evidence, and spares us the pains of recurring to ancient history. Their conduct will bear us out.

Russia introduces the Russian language into Poland. *Austria*, the German idiom into Hungary, and into the Lombardy of Venice, in order that the rising generation shall forget their mother tongue, and learn the other, and in proportion as they lose their language, they lose their nationality, and become Austrians and Russians.

To effect the great scheme of national dissolution in the United States, the Father General in his missionary instructions, ordered; "That the priests should scrupulously observe St. Patrick's day, and other fetes of foreign saints, so that the Irish people in reverencing their saint, will worship Ireland."

We have frequently seen the shamrock worn on St. Patrick's day; frequently have we heard toasts offered to Old Ireland; O'Connell eulogised; and their love to the dear Emerald Isle expressed in verse and in prose. In one word the enthusiasm for Old Hibernia was to be found every where, and the worship of the saints was to be seen any where.

At last, though not the least, this Papal body of Rome's soldiery, in assembling upon American soil, showed their intrepidity and bravery, by planting the Pope's banner among Columbia's sons in defiance of the seventy millions of Protestants, and by pronouncing the anathema against the Holy Bible of the American Bible Society. Thus they faithfully executed the orders and instructions of the General Assembly of the Jesuits held in the city of Rome, as the reader saw in the third chapter of this volume. At this the Pope of Rome is laughing in his sleeve over the weakness of American Protestants, who cheerfully submit to every humiliating act of His Holiness, to which not even Austria, nor any of the Roman Catholic sovereigns would acquiesce. To give a blunt and an abrupt veto, or attempt a hostile attack on the Bible, would be impudent and hardly yet in time: this Provincial Assembly clothed their unhallowed scheme in the polluted garb of conscientious scruples, by making

the Jesuitical distinction between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic Bible. Thus a cathedral in America became at once the echo of the convent of the Jesuits called La Gesu.

The public press reported the event of the Provincial Assembly as a great and glorious one, and by that they tacitly acknowledged, and publicly declared (though in an indirect manner) AMERICA TO BE A PROVINCE OF THE POPE'S DOMINIONS. There was no comment offered by any of the newspapers, no complaint made by any of the Protestant American citizens; no voice—not even a whisper was heard in disapproving this open outrage on American Independence, by holding publicly a Provincial Assembly in America, composed of foreigners, Mr. Eccleston excepted.

Americans do no longer deceive yourselves. You may shut your eyes for fear of beholding the fearful precipice, but it is not less dangerous. The cry is; where is the danger? What can the Papists do? Hearken! *Now Popery controls the press in a direct and an indirect way! Now Popery balances the power in the elections wherever it throws its weight into the political scale. In ten years, Jesuits will control America in religious power! And in twenty, they will plant the Inquisition, unite Church and State, and deprive us of our liberties!* This is the danger! This is what the Pope and his Jesuits aim at.

Suppose the American Presbyterians or Methodists, or any other American Protestant denominations should be so crazy as to claim the whole world politically and religiously, that is in temporals and spirituals, as the silly old gentleman, Gregory XVI, intends, and on the strength of their claim, they should hold a Provincial Assembly in Italy; they would scarcely organize, when the papal myrmidons would drag them into a dungeon, and punish their arrogance, for showing their pretensions on a foreign soil. But suppose these American Protestant pretenders of temporalities and spiritualities, should hold their Provincial Assembly in the city of Baltimore, Md.,

in the United States, what would the papal press say? Would they not attack that Protestant Provincial Assembly like mad dogs? Would not the protestant press hiss them out of the community? And justly would they do so. But his Holiness, the Pope at Rome, sends over Irish priests, German monks, and Italian Jesuits, who hold Provincial Assemblies with Roman pomp; who deliberate secretly, and conceal their acts; who plot against our Bible institutions, and arrogate to themselves the authority to regulate our school system; deprive our children of the bread of life, and (to fill the treacherous cup) send official messengers to Rome to sanction their acts, and to inform his Holiness of the progress and influence of the papal power, and how yielding and accommodating American protestants are. This is all right, perfectly republican, sound policy, and strict Americanism.

That such conventicals have been held in the United States, and that the Pope of Rome has authorized these foreign priests to plant the standard of this papal hierarchy and priestly despotism in America — I will give an extract from the Baltimore Gazette, May 2, 1837, to awaken protestant Americans from the lethargy into which they have fallen.

“PROVINCIAL COUNCIL OF THE ROMAN
CATHOLIC CHURCH.

“We have abstained from noticing the session of this assembly, until we should be enabled to lay before our readers, such an account as we could rely upon as fully correct. That which we give is, in some measure extracted from the Catholic Herald of Philadelphia, to which additional information derived from a member of the council itself is attached.

“The bishops of the Catholic Church form its legislative assembly and its court of jurisdiction; but their act of legislation, and in many instances, especially of weightier causes, their judgment must be examined by the Pope, their presiding Bishop whose spiritual jurisdiction extends over every portion of the world. The object of

this examination is 'to ascertain their conformity to the doctrine and discipline of the whole body, over which he is placed, and in many instances, his sanction is necessary to their validity. The church is divided into districts which are called provinces; and each province into dioceses. Each diocese is governed by a bishop, and one of those in each province is called the arch-diocese, or metropolitan diocese. The bishop of this see is called the arch-bishop; he can convoke the assembly, and preside in its session; the other bishops, are called suffragans, because their suffrages united with his, create the acts of the council, their acts are then forwarded to Rome for approbation, and when returned approved, are published and executed.

"In most of the countries of Europe, the tyranny exercised over the church under the pretext of its protection, has extended so far as to prevent such assemblies; and therefore, during centuries, comparatively few provincial councils have been held in Spain, Portugal, France or Germany. Two had previously been in this city, one in October, 1833. The council of the present year was opened on Sunday, the 16th of April," &c. &c.

The reader perceives from the Catholic Herald itself, that for many centuries past, the Catholic and Apostolic sovereigns of Europe would not acquiesce in that humiliation, to which protestant America submits, they would not allow a set of priests (though of their own subjects) to deliberate, transact business in their own dominions, and then ask the Pope, if he approves of their acts.

The reader will attentively peruse this extract, learn the absurd pretensions of the Pope, and the humiliation of protestants to papal power, by allowing priests, emissaries of Rome, foreigners, the majority not even naturalized, plotting, agitating, undermining our own American institutions, religious as well as social, and neither the public press, nor the public expression condemnatory of the national outrage, which Austria, Bavaria, Spain, Portugal and France, would punish as a treacherous act of conspiracy against their sovereign authority.

As my object is not to show the good nature of Americans, but the corruption of popery, nor the anti-political proceedings of the corrupt parties, but the intrigues of Jesuitism, I shall leave the American protestants to look to their own business, and for myself, I shall oppose Jesuitism, with all my power, and if I should die by the Irish rifle, or the Roman stiletto, or the Jesuitical poison, I have the consolation, that I have lived to oppose the Man of Sin, and die in the cause of America and the Bible.

CHAP. XII.

THE PLOT.

At the time that political plots were planned in private and in public, by the Pope's agents in the suttan as well as the secular gang; at the time when the protestants sold their religion, and worshipped St. Dan. who plotted in Ireland against our free institutions; at the time that the different political parties planned and plotted to overturn their opponents, Father Amato being equally a Jesuit, planned and plotted also, not the ruin of his neighbour, but to obtain the liberty of a nun.

The Italian Jesuit as the reader will remember, thought he had recognised his former acquaintance, whom he for a long time believed in the grave. All the other nuns regularly came, and confessed their own and the sins of others, for which the Jesuit cared nothing. But as she communed regularly with the other nuns, he could easily perceive that she had her private confessor, which is allowed to any nun, being a matter of conscience, even if it was a habit or only an attachment to the spiritual director of her youth, any reason, any pretext is sufficient for a nun to have a private gentleman as the director of her feminine conscience. He saw her also every day in the choir, at the mass, and at the altar among the com-

mufficants, but being always enveloped in a veil, he was never able to see her face, never able to verify himself of the fact, or certify the truth of his doubts. He enquired in the confessional among the nuns, but none of them knew any thing more than that she was an Italian, was of a noble descent, and that she was more privileged than any one else. With the Mother Abbess he never spoke on the subject.

When he came into the convent, the Sister Porter brought him into a private room, and the Mother Abbess watched him with argus eyes, and every opportunity to speak with the Italian nun was cut off by these two worthy ladies. Several times he was tempted to write in a clandestine way through the Sister Porter, but the fear that she would betray him to the Mother Abbess, was a great obstacle. Even if the Sister Porter did not betray him, he feared that the Italian nun might reveal it to her own private confessor, when he would be inevitably ruined. In that state of suspense, or rather torture, he continued a life of sorrow, and agony; sleep fled from his eyes, cheerfulness from his countenance, indifference towards all the attention of the Mother Abbess was visible in his conduct and noticed even by the Sister Porter.

How different were the feelings of the Italian nun, she saw the Father Confessor every day at the altar, and had sufficient opportunity to verify herself, that he was really, and actually her former friend; though the thing in itself was mysterious, she never doubted that he was Ricci, whom she had thought dead. She was too inexperienced in the art of Jesuitism to see the intrigue. She could not even comprehend the stratagem in her own case. She studied how to communicate with him, and apprise him of her presence, for she thought that he was ignorant of the case.

The Mother Abbess, who never suspected any former relation between the Italian nun and the Jesuit, yet as by instinct trembled, when she thought of Sister Isabella, there were many reasons for that silent fear and jealousy,

for Sister Isabella was younger, more beautiful, and over all, an Italian woman with a higher education; that was sufficient to make her feel her inferiority. Nothing is more annoying for a woman than to be inseparably and eternally united with a rival; nothing more tormenting for her, than the knowledge, that her rival has the superiority in bodily as well as moral qualifications, which really was the Mother Abbess' case. It is no wonder that the Mother Abbess studied day and night how to prevent another encounter with the Jesuit confessor, and how she should entirely get rid of the Italian nun. After a study of several days, and prayers to the Virgin Mary for several nights, she fixed upon a plan which was in corruption and wickedness worthy of the high position she occupied in the Catholic and Apostolic church of Rome. Virtue and holiness are not the qualifications to become a high dignitary, but the greater the scoundrel, the greater the worthiness to ecclesiastical dignity. This accounts for such wicked men having been placed upon the pontifical chair — as John VIII. who is described as having been a monster in the shape of a man, blood-thirsty and cruel as a tiger. (a) This is the reason that such a profligate as Sergius III. occupied the so called seat of Peter, whom Baronius, the greatest popish writer calls "the slave of every vice and the most wicked of men." (b) This accounts why such a Pope as John X. the paramour of the harlot Theodora, who would have disgraced a house of ill-fame, was the ornament of the Lateran, and the pontiff of the church of Rome. (c) And Pope John XI. a bastard child of his Holiness, Pope Sergius III. was promoted to the dignity of an infallible Pope. (d)

The Italian proverb says, "Il piu sporco diventa superiore," (the most corrupt becomes superior,) upon that ground John XII. who was called to account by the Emperor Otho, to answer for the most enormous crimes

(a) Sigonius de Regno Italiae, Lib. vi.

(b) Baronius ad. ann. 908.

(c) Mosheim ii, p. 391. & Fleury's Eccles. Hist, book I.

(d) Mosheim ii. p. 392.

charged against him, says in his imperial letter:—"You are charged with such obscenities as would make us blush were they said of a stage player; I shall mention to you a few of the crimes that are laid to your charge; for it would require a whole day to enumerate them all: know then, that you are accused, not by some few, but by all the clergy as well as laity, of murder, perjury, sacrilege, and incest with your own two sisters, &c. &c. We therefore earnestly entreat you to come and clear yourself from these imputations."

To amuse the readers I shall give the laconic answer of his Holiness to the Emperor Otho.

"John, servant of the servants of God, to all bishops. We hear that you want to make another Pope. If that is your design, I excommunicate you all in the name of the Almighty, that you may not have it in your power to ordain any other, or even to celebrate mass."

As my object is not to recite the enormities and wickedness of the Popes, but to convince the reader, that the most reckless characters are the papal priests, and the higher in dignity, the deeper they are sunk in the moral standard, and over all, they, are most dangerous to social happiness, who, swarm in our land. I will only give two examples from a most authentical writer of the church of Rome; it is no less than Cardinal Baronius,^(a) the most powerful champion of Popery.

"O! What was then the feature of the holy Roman church; how filthy, when the vilest and most powerful prostitutes ruled in the court of Rome, by whose arbitrary sway, dioceses were made and unmade, bishops were consecrated, and, what is inexpressibly horrible to be mentioned, false Popes were by their paramours thrust

(a) *Quae tunc facies sanctae Ecclesiae Romanae! quam sœdissima cum Romæ dominarentur potentissimæ æque et sordidissimæ meretrices! quarum arbitrio mutarentur sedes, darentur Episcopi, et quod adita horrendum et infandum est intruderentur in sedem petri earum Amassii pseudo Pontifices, qui non sint nisi ad consignanda tantum tempora in catalogo Romanorum pontificum scripti. Quis enim a scortis hujusmodi intrusos sine lege legitimos dicere possit Romanos fuisse pontifices? Sic vindicauerat omnia sibi libido, seculari potentia freta insaniens aestro perclita dominandi.*

into the chair of St. Peter, who in being numbered as Popes, serve no other purpose, except to fill up the catalogue of the Popes of Rome. For who can say, that persons thrust into the Popedom without any laws, by harlots of this sort, were legitimate Popes of Rome? In this manner lust supported by secular power, excited to phrenzy in the rage for domination, ruled in all things."

In another passage *Cardinal Baronius* expresses his feelings in a more striking manner in reference to the horribly flagitious conduct of these Most Holy Fathers in Rome. (a)

"It is evident that one can scarcely believe, without ocular evidence, what unworthy, base, execrable, and abominable things, the holy Apostolical see, which is the pivot upon which the whole Catholic church revolves, was forced to endure, when the Princes of this age, although christians, yet arrogated to themselves the election of the Roman Pontiffs. Alas! the shame! Alas! the grief! What monsters horrible to behold, were then by them intruded on the Holy See, which angels revere! What evils ensued! What tragedies did they perpetrate! With what pollutions was this See, though itself without spot or wrinkle, then stained! WITH WHAT CORRUPTIONS INFECTED! WITH WHAT FILTHINESS DEFILED! and by those things blackened with perpetual infamy."

In returning to our nunnery, I trust the reader will not have been displeased to hear the voice of the immortal

(a) Est plane, ut vix aliquis credat, imo nec vix quidem sit crediturus, nisi suis inspiciat ipse oculis, manibusque contrectat, *quem indigna, quam quam turpia atque deformia execranda, insuper il abominanda sit coacta pati sacrosancta apostolica sedes* IN CUIUS CARDINE UNIVERSA ECCLESIA CATHOLICA VERTITUR, cum Principes seculae bujus quantum libet christiani, hoc tamen ex parte dicendi tyranni saevissimi arrogaverunt sibi tyrannice electionem Romanorum Pontificum. Quot tunc ab eis, pro pudor! pro dolor! in eandem sedem angelis reverendam VISU HORRENDA intrusa sunt MONSTRA. Quot ex eis oberia sunt mala, consumatae tragediae! Quibus tunc ipsam sine macula et sine ruga contigit aspergi sordibus, putoribus infici, inquinati sporcitiis, ex hisque PERPETUA INFAMIA DENIGRARI.—*Baronius Annal. ad Ann. 900, and Santhey in his Vindicae Anglicanae, p. 389, London.*

annalist Baronius, as a relief to the poor style of the author. The reader, as I hope, being persuaded of all the corrupt qualifications of the Mother Abbess, belonging to her high Papal dignity. She plotted the ruin of the Italian nun, if not of the Jesuit her paramour also. She preferred to immolate both at the shrine of her wicked passions, than to see the Italian priest in friendship with the Italian nun. Though she was ignorant of their former connexion, and their present attachment, Still *being a nun* she was more cruel than any other woman under such circumstances would be. She determined to *lose*, or to *gain* all, and in the extreme case, to sacrifice all.

She never spoke with Father Amato of the Sister Isabella, if she mentioned her name it was rather in her fervor to hear his sentiments, to see the impression which it produced upon him. To execute her plan, she felt she must have the assistance of *two* persons, the Sister Porter and his Lordship, the Holy Protector and Representative of the Pope in America. The first was easily to be got, but the second was more difficult, though not impossible.

Accordingly the Sister Porter informed the Italian nun of the confidential connexion of the Mother Abbess with the confessor. She as a matter of course recounted little falsehoods, (by mental reservation) to attract her attention to the fact that the Mother Abbess *remained longer* in the little confession room, than in former times, when the red haired Irish priest was the director of the nun's consciences and nerves. For this is equally an object of scandal and petty jealousy in a nunnery; then they confess the sinful thoughts that they have criminated a sister of impurity with the holy confessor, in that way they give the holy man an opportunity to sin with them too. The Sister Porter skilfully insinuated, that the Jesuit confessor visited the Mother Abbess, and remained for hours with her alone.

We can well imagine the state of mind the poor Italian nun was in, sometimes she was thrown into a rage, rav-

ing like a ferocious beast, then she broke out into convulsive laughter, as if she would defy her rival. Sometimes she took the little mirror from her drawer, admiring herself to see if she was not handsomer, younger, and more charming than the Mother Abbess: for with Popery all is deception, "the nuns can have no mirror in their rooms," says the discipline, "that is to say: none hanging on the wall, but they may have it in their drawer." Then her eyes became fountains, when she beheld her pale and emaciated countenance. Sometimes she rose from her lonely seat, and erect like a cedar, in a proud position, swelling her breasts with pride and vengeance against the traitor.

But when the Sister Porter came she was obliged to dissimulate and when the Mother Abbess came, which was more frequent than before, to augment her jealousy, then, the poor Italian nun was obliged to be cheerful. Dissimulation is the picture of Popery, appearance and hypocrisy is the soul of Jesuitism, when in substance all is corruption, intrigues and conspiracies against freedom and social happiness.

The Sister Porter, who played the *Prima Donna* in the plot was anxious to bring the business to a crisis. She offered her services, suggesting to her to write to the Italian Confessor, which at the beginning she refused; but from a spirit of vengeance, which generally follows after an unhallowed passion, she accepted and immediately wrote and gave the letter to the turnkey sister.

As soon as the letter had been received, she delivered it to the Mother Abbess, who not knowing Italian could not read it, but seeing her name mentioned in it, she suspected that it referred to her person. Thinking that her triumph was sure, she celebrated the feast before the victory was achieved, which is quite in harmony with the spirit of Jesuitism, for they always sing the *Te Deum* before the victory, they always set down a country as their own as soon as they land on the shore; build churches for thousands when they have not more than twenty members in the neighborhood; raise a political storm, as

if they had the majority in the country, as we have witnessed in our own.

The Mother Abbess wrote immediately to his Lordship the representative of Gregory XVI. in America, to come without delay into the seraglio. She was in as much haste, as if the whole Catholic and Apostolical church of Rome was to have been shaken from the centre to the foundation; and the tottering chair of St. Peter was to have sunk into the marshes of the Campagna Romana.

His Lordship of all the Roman haunts in America, immediately made his appearance in half pontificals, to impose and terrify the fractious ladies in the Roman prison. No one in the convent knew the cause of this official visit except the two worthy nuns, the Mother Abbess and her noble associate the Sister Porter. The former warmly expressed her thanks for his kind appearance, and priestly solicitude for the welfare of the prison, and fatherly love he had always shown to all the holy sisterhoods. She had not forgotten to panegyryze her own watchfulness, and the keeping of the good orderly house. There is no doubt, but that nunneries are orderly houses, for none but priests, who are single men can enter, except those the Sister Porter let pass as contraband, as we witnessed in Naples, in the year 1825.

The King of Naples betrayed his people, leaving them under the pretext of making a visit to the Duke of Tuscany, while he went to Vienna and asked for 50,000 hungry Austrian soldiers to oppress his rebellious subjects, who were so wicked as to ask a constitution from his Majesty. During the time that these 50,000 Austrians were being equipped had passed the river Po, and traversed the whole of Italy, it took them six months, in the mean time, the liberals occupied all the fortresses, and military stations; in one word it was called the "six months revolution." But unfortunately some of these liberals were libertines too, and as it happened one of these liberal soldiers, took it into his head, for Italians have heads also, to visit a nunnery at night-time, and he confided his pro-

ject to his comrade who dissuaded him, and thought he might as well leave the nuns alone.

One evening about 9 o'clock, he armed himself from head to foot, as if he had to meet the Turkish army, and approached the large door of the nunnery and knocked; the Sister Porter opened the little window-shutter and saluted the visitor with the usual monkish salutation: "Sia laudato Gesu, Gioseppe, e Maria," (Jesus, Joseph, and Maria be praised;) and when she said so, her eye fell upon the military uniform, and then upon his young and open countenance. She asked "what he wished?" He told her, "that he had a message of great importance, which he could only reveal to the Mother Abbess, and that in strict secrecy." The porter thought him one of the plotters against the liberties of the people, she opened immediately. The reader knows that the convents have always been the places where the tyrants forged chains for the people; they were always the hiding places of the oppressors and their coadjutors. The soldier entered and we heard nothing more of him. His corporal reported him missing, the officer reported to the captain deserted, and messengers and soldiers were sent in all directions to overtake him, as it is usual under such circumstances.

His comrade who knew that on such a day and such an hour, he left the barracks, for the Convent, with the intention of returning the same night, and now being missed for four days, and declared a deserter, he reported his suspicion to the proper authority. A military council was immediately called together, the soldier examined, and a detachment of soldiers ordered to the Convent, who without ceremony, and without listening to the blasphemous salutation of the Sister Porter, the officer entered, and demanded that the Mother Abbess should immediately appear in the parlour, which was done; she wished to make some holy observations to edify the officer, but he told her in a genteel and respectful manner, that he had orders to execute, and was not an intruder on his own account. He begged her to call all the nuns together into the same room without a minutes delay.

The Mother Abbess represented the difficulties, being so late an hour ; the nuns would some of them be in their beds, others undressed, and others at their private devotions. The officer then imperatively commanded, "if in five minutes all the nuns were not assembled in this room, he would be obliged against his will, to enter into the cells of the nuns, even if they were in their beds. The Mother Abbess wished to go and call the sisters, but the officer forbade her moving, even the Sister Porter was kept under guard ; finally the bell was rung and the nuns assembled in the parlour. The officer asked "if all the nuns were present?" The Mother Abbess answered "two are missing, it is impossible for them to appear for they are sick." A watch was placed at the door where the nuns were assembled, and the officer with an escort of eight soldiers with mounted bayonets upon their muskets, visited all the cells and found nothing, finally they entered a small corridor which appeared to lead into the kitchen, and then returned, but a soldier encouraged the officer to continue his search, when they came into a snug little room which appeared to be the anti-chamber of a saloon, they entered and found the soldier lying upon a couch, helpless, and so weak that he could scarcely speak, and a nun was in the room, who was busy in dressing him as a nun. The soldier was immediately removed, with the couch upon which he lay, and the uproar of the people in Naples cannot be described. If the soldier was so reduced on account of hunger, or thirst, or any other good reason, the holy Roman priests, and the humble nuns who are so numerous, will explain. The consequence was, that on the same night, an order was issued, and published, that the next morning, all the nuns and friars, who were disposed to leave the Convent might freely go to their homes ; and surprising as it may seem, among the thousands of nuns who were in Naples, not one remained in the Convents, even the oldest of them thought a little fresh air would do them good, and left the prison, where they had been buried for thirty years and upwards.

After this recital the reader will easily understand the monastical vocabulary. The priests are the Fathers, and they are many. The Abbess is the mother. Every nun when she takes the veil must espouse the church, that means the priests; this is the reason that all the children of the priests as well as of the nuns, belong legitimately to the church.

The Mother Abbess recounted the awful history to his lordship of Sister Isabella's correspondence with the Italian Jesuit, and with tears in her eyes, besought his lordship to remove the Italian nun into another Convent, far from the sinful object. In that way she hoped to get rid of her rival without the confessor knowing any thing of it, nor could the nun complain of the removal.

His lordship, the representative of the Pope in America did not quite agree with the project, for that holy man delighted in the company of the Italian nun, as the reader will recollect, that when the Sister Porter's delicate conscience was so hurt about the open scandal of his lordship, that she even confessed the sins of the Italian nun, and of his lordship too. The Sister Isabella possessed superior talents, a refined education, and was beautiful too, he would not have liked to leave her society, for such a trifle; he thought that this very occurrence would rather favour his corrupt and carnal intentions. He took the letter and tried to make out its contents, with the help of his Latin knowledge, which was as follows:

"Sir:—In writing to you my intention is simply to hear something of home. I hope my letter will not disturb your peace, as I trust you enjoy much happiness with the Mother Abbess. An answer will oblige,

"Yours, Respectfully,

"CAMILLA STROZZI: now

"SISTER ISABELLA."

The protector of the Roman Female Prison, saw from the letter that the Mother Abbess and the Italian nun were rivals, and the reason why the former wished to send her away. He explained to the Mother Abbess

the conditions upon which the Italian lady took the veil. That she had been unfortunate in her choice, how, and in what manner, he was unable to learn, it was sufficient, that she had a rich patrimony, the half of which, she gave to the Society of Jesus, to promote the greater glory of God, and the other half, she had willed to that convent, where she might choose to live, and to die ; consequently, it would be improvident to send her into another convent ; she might return to Europe, and the Carmelite Order here would be a great loser by the loss of such an inmate. He thought to send away the Italian Jesuit, and appoint another confessor in his place, would be better, for then the proximate cause of sin would be removed from the convent, and the Italian nun and her property would remain in it.

CHAP. XIII.

THE CONCLAVE.

Father Hugues was alone in a room, sitting before a desk with an open letter before him, then rising and walking up and down, with rapid steps ; suddenly stopping, then slowly moving on, he evidently showed, that some great plan, some important movement occupied his mind. The Jesuit entirely forgot, that he was only a poor Irish boy. It never occurred to him, that it was by his espionage, that he came into notice ; that it was simply through his perjury, and treachery to the cause of liberty in Italy, that the Father General of the Jesuits took him under his protection. He persuaded himself that it was personal merit, and that his whole catalogue of intrigues, iniquities and crimes were so many virtues, and meritorious deeds performed to the glory of God, and the interest of the Society of Jesus. But at that time, however, he deviated from the path of general usefulness to his order, and the holy intention of the greater

glory of God, by manifesting a spirit of selfishness, with which he was animated, and the object which he had in view. He soliloquised in a low voice: "if I cannot be promoted under the present circumstances, I shall never be. Father Fox, the only person I had to fear, is out of the way; could I better manage it, could I more skillfully arrange things in Rome than I have? No! He is recalled and that is enough. Father Enghand is no more. He died without a Cardinal's Hat. He thought that when he arrived at Rome, he (who by his admirers and friends was called the apostle of America, another, St. Philip De Neri) would immediately be promoted; ah how disappointed he was, when he saw himself received not only coldly, but entirely neglected, not even admitted to his Holiness.

"I feel no conscientious scruples, I did him no wrong, the interest of the Society and the glory of God are the paramount objects of all our efforts; they are the principal ends of all our movements; friendship, relationship, and filial-love must be subservient to the prior; the first are worldly and carnal, the latter is a celestial and eternal principle. The heretics in America, these protestant savages, always suspect without knowing what. I shall puzzle them; I shall lead them where they never expected to go. As I wrote to Cardinal Prince Lambruschini and Pacca, so it is; the great principle, our holy cause, the acceleration of the crisis, is to be taken into consideration.

"I expected that his credentials would be taken from him, and on his return, he would be obliged to labour as a subaltern, and that under me, whom he received into the Society; his heart was broken and he died. Now the road is clear, all obstructions are removed, all I have to do is to strike, and the victory is mine."

Father Huges pulled the string of the bell which hung over the chimney-piece, when an elderly man, modestly clad, made his appearance, humbly bowing, according to the usages of the Jesuits. Father Huges asked, "are the members of the Society assembled." He answered,

‘they have been together more than twenty minutes.’ then he gave his sign and the humbly clad Jesuit left the room.

The Father Provincial placing himself in a posture, admiring his person in the glass, combing his short whiskers, and swelling out his breast, as all mushroom gentlemen do, who rise by accident, and figure in the world without knowing why, or by what strange influence. He immediately opened a side door, where at least 120 persons, all secular Jesuits (with short-gowns as we vulgarly call them) were assembled from different parts of the Union. All rose and bowed with respect, to which he in a very humble and affable manner responded, shook hands, in a republican manner with them, discoursed as their equal, and then took the chair.

If the leaders of both the political parties could have only peeped for a moment into that room, and seen who the persons were, who composed that assembly, I am convinced (except they had lost every spark of patriotism) they would blush and disdain to receive the votes of the coadjutors of Jesuitism, and despise these instruments of anti-republican machinations.

The merchant of high standing, and the Irish drunkard with the red inflamed face, the presbyterian member, and the Protestant Episcopal pew holder, the professor of christianity, and the loafer from the street, the German and the French, the Italian and the Irish, the Englishman and the American, all these heterogeneous matters of strange ingredients, were the representatives of the Society of Jesus in the Union. The manner we see them together in the Repeal meetings, shows that the Jesuits have members in every class of society, in every protestant denomination, which is easily done by a simple vow of obedience to the Father General.

Father Huges, the chairman, rose and with great pathos addressed the assembly as follows:

“Brethren! If we consider how little the Catholic and Apostolic church of Rome has accomplished after so much labour spent, and money squandered, if we be

hold how little the fruits, how insignificant the results, which have been obtained after so many years of toil: We must pray, that the Lord may not cut us off as 'cumbersome of the ground.' "

This is just the reverse of the way in which Protestants transact business. At a Protestant Missionary or other meeting, religious or political; the chairman, or the secretary in his report, must always *show how much has been done, and how far the cause of the society has advanced.* The greater the little wonders, the more ample will be the support. A true statement of a retrograde movement in a society, which may happen for so many reasons would be fatal to their cause, even if it were the best.

In the church of Rome, the mode of operation is reversed. They never speak of what has been done; but of what remains to be done. That is the reason that they do great things.

"We have yet," continued Father Hughes, "two years to the Presidential election; the political parties are yet sleeping, and it is to watch and to decide beforehand to what party we shall throw our political weight. We have succeeded so far in the former administration as to obtain the balance of power, and to delude all parties, at the same time that we in appearance hold to both, and are in reality connected with none."

That the reader may not think that this is a fancy of mine, and that such political intrigues never occur among Jesuits in America, I will give a PARALLEL CASE, and show that such are the constant practices of Roman Jesuits.

OFFICIAL EXPLANATIONS.

The following is from the Roman Catholic Tablet, copied by the Roman Catholic Herald, of Philadelphia, of 10th February, 1842.

"We have so often explained to our readers the merits of the school controversy in the city of New York, that we need spend very few words in recalling it to their

memories. The question of education is there, as in almost every other part of the globe, a Catholic grievance. The Catholics, with their good Bishop, Dr. Hughes, have ~~§~~EVER SINCE HIS LORDSHIP'S RETURN FROM EUROPE~~§~~ been making a noble stand against the state system of education, a general system which teaches, what they call the essentials of religion, without teaching any doctrines of religion whatever.

"This deistical scheme is advocated by its patrons on the ground of perfect fairness to all sects and on the principle of *Freedom of Conscience*. It is of course objected to, most stoutly, by Dr. Hughes as a violation of freedom of conscience, and utterly sectarian, as much as it is essentially anti-catholic. . . . Great efforts have accordingly been made by the Catholics of New York, *under guidance* of Dr. Hughes, to procure an alteration in this state of things !

"The Bishop (Hughes) has been heard at great length, before the City authorities in opposition to the School System. He was repulsed there, and also in the State Legislature. At length no other method remained but that of *using the elective franchise*. . . . The election drew near, a public meeting was summoned in CAROL HALL, and at this meeting, which was very numerously attended, and chiefly by Catholics, it was resolved to live no longer on sufferance, but to make a beginning of a more independent and fearless course ! * * *

2,300 Catholic electors did actually vote, and succeeded in ejecting four Loco foco candidates, who were either too cowardly or too bigoted.

§The Bishop is not unwise enough to expect 10,000 men at his BIDDING, to desert, all at once, their old party connexions and FOLLOW IN HIS WAKE. That he has persuaded 2,300 to do so at the very outset, is a great triumph—the parent of many more !!

"But one thing is quite certain—the example of the present election will not be thrown away. The four defeated Loco Focos, will be a warning to their party to set some store by Catholic votes. It will not escape the

penetration of these slippery gentry that the 2,300 of this present November, may be doubled by November, 1842, and in the course of a *year or two* may be increased four fold!!!"

Bear in mind that this is copied word for word, from the Roman Catholic Herald, the Pope's organ in the city of Philadelphia.

"To test the feelings of the parties, I propose two vehicles, both strong and decided. The one is REPEAL, the other the SCHOOL SYSTEM; the first is purely secular, the other is but ecclesiastical. To the former you must lend your aid, and use every effort to execute, for which you will be amply recompensed, and get the first and best offices; the latter will be carried out by the dignitaries of the church, as all will be '*ad majorem Dei Gloriam.*' (For the greater Glory of God.)"

Soon after we saw (and not with a little surprise) in the Repeal assembly, prominent members of the different denominations and churches, who took a conspicuous part in the Repeal agitation: bowing to the dictates of the Pope's minions in America, and swallowing the insults of O'Connell of Ireland, digesting all the opprobrium which Pope Gregory poured upon American *Institutions*. To see Protestants, professors of christianity and Americans *hurraing* for Repeal; eulogising St. Dan, and sending him their money too, as an evidence of their monkish humility, and submission to the Pope, is more than human mind can conceive, it is an enigma, which will remain unsolved until the end of the time.

Repeal associations have been accordingly formed through the whole Union, which was nothing but a synonymous expression for Popery; a substitute to express the political part of Rome's religion. Ireland was the great hobby, the independence of Ireland was set before the American public, as the all absorbing topic, in order that they might forget their own liberties, and leave it to the mercy of the Jesuits. It had also another tendency, that is, to revive Old Ireland in the Irish hearts, and the shamrock has often been displayed in such Repeal meet-

ings in the face of a kind, but insulted people; who opens the door to every man, to the pauper as well as to the rich, to the vicious as well as to the virtuous; to insult a people who open their arms to welcome every stranger, affording him every opportunity of ameliorating his destitute condition, by such outrageous acts, is enough to excite the indignation of every American citizen. But what is this to Jesuits? Ingratitude, abuse of hospitality, crime, and even murder is justifiable, when it promotes their interests.

At the same time the Roman clergy agitated in the name of conscience and religion, their favorite topic, the School Question, and really succeeded in a certain measure, in the city of New York, to banish the Bible from the schools in those wards of the city, where the Romanists had the influence.

Encouraged by that victory over the American institutions and the American people, they carried the triumph over the whole land. It was impossible that Americans should not have seen it. Yes! they felt it too. But what is to be done? Self interest and party influence has bound the politicians to the papal chariot and drag them after it, as so many captives.

"How shall we remedy this evil?" whispered one friend to the other, for they were nearly afraid to speak aloud. A panic prevailed even among the political parties; terror and consternation took possession of the more sober minded and the real patriots of the land. The first were afraid to lose Irish Catholic votes, and O'Connell's co-operation, the others trembled for their country and their country's freedom.

CHAP. XIV.

THE INTERVIEW.

The reader will recollect the unpleasant interview of the Mother Abbess with his Lordship the Pope's Representative in America. She plotted to get rid of the Italian nun, and was in danger of losing the Italian priest. It was not the most desirable position of any of the parties, but the Mother Abbess had laid herself open to his Lordship, and therefore had the worst chance.

The Mother Abbess seeing the position in which she was placed, witnessing the favor of her rival with his Lordship, fearing, (and that not without a good reason) that he might promote her also to the dignity of an Abbess, and the chance of losing her Italian Confessor, all tended to disconcert her much. She begged his Lordship to leave the management of the whole affair in her hands, which she would adjust in a maternal manner. His Lordship was not satisfied with the proposition, nor did he much rely upon her wisdom and maternal affection, but as a simple gallantry, he granted her the favor, and acceded to her wishes.

On the other hand, a ray of hope lighted her mind, when she was informed by his Lordship, that the Italian nun had bequeathed the half of her large fortune, to the convent, where she intended to die. She thought, nothing was wanted, than that she should die soon, for it is nothing in the church of Rome, to poison a man, or even a Pope, if they are tired of him, or if he is in the way of the Jesuits. The history of Popery abounds with such murderous acts.

Henry IV. of France, was assassinated by *Barier*, *Chassel*, and *Ravaillac*, at the instigation of their confessors *Varade*, *Gireret*, and *Daubigny*.

Clement XIV. was poisoned by the Jesuits, which every child in the city of Rome, and in the world acknowledges. The *Ravaillacs* and the *Clements* are abundant yet in the Church of Rome.

To show which, I will only give a few examples of the many from their own standard writers.

Airoid (a) teaches the doctrine of assassination :

"If a calumniator will not cease to publish calumnies, you may FITLY KILL HIM, not *publicly*, to avoid scandal," or rather, to avoid the gallows.

Escobar (b) taught, that "it is lawful to kill an accuser, whose testimony jeopardized your life and honor."

Pirot, that infamous Father Jesuit, (c) whose work was denounced by the whole body of clergy in France, in a volume entitled, "*Les Ecrits des Cures de Paris, anno 1659,*" taught assassination, rebellion, revenge, false honor, illicit pleasure, pride, sedition and murder.

Such is the doctrine of the church of Rome,—such the feelings of her priests,—such were the sentiments of the Most Rev. Mother Abbess, towards the poor Italian nun, who was under her motherly care.

As the shortening of the life of the Italian sister, as the nuns called her, was also the means of lengthening the purse of the Carmelite order, it was a double inducement to kill her by degrees. The sister Porter lent her services, by telling falsehoods, carrying tales, exciting her passions and ire against the Jesuit.— Sometimes, however, she exculpated him and laid all the guilt upon the Mother Abbess. She gave the poor nun to understand, that when she gave the letter to Father Amato, he opened it, and seeing her name he would not read it, and with the greatest contempt threw the letter into the fire. To fill the cup of falsehood, and the measure of iniquity, she recounted to her his intimacy with the Mother Abbess and many other things which were well calculated to break her heart.

A few days after this, His Lordship came in privately, dressed in secular costume, to visit the Italian nun; he teased her about her countryman, gave her to understand that he knew of her secret correspondence with him.

(a) Airoid Cons. p. 319

(b) Escobar Theologia Moralis, vol. iv, p. 244.

(c) Pirot Apology des casuistes contre les calumnies des Jansenistes.

He spoke very lightly, and even made advances so indiscreet, and so unbecoming a gentleman, that it disgusted her, also adding so many other annoyances and petty conspiracies, that in a short time, she fell really, a victim to the corrupt gang of avaricious priests and corrupted nuns, and became so ill that her life was endangered.

As her private confessor resided rather distant, and being doubtful of finding him at home, Father Amato the spiritual director of the convent was called to confess her and administer to her the extreme unction.

He immediately entered the cell to perform his priestly duties. It is scarcely necessary to state, that he never performed his ecclesiastical duties more cheerfully, than at that time; that he never entered a nun's cell with a heavier heart, yet at the same time with more agreeable feeling, than on the present occasion.

He approached the bed with veneration, and scarcely ventured to look into her face, least his fears should be realized. He read the ritual, blessed her, not with holy water only, but with his tears, prayed in Latin, as prayers in Latin (which the sick do not understand) are very efficacious in the church of Rome; like Brandreth's pills, good for all diseases, they had their salutary effect in this case, and brought the patient to herself. The first sound she heard, when she recovered her senses, was in the sweet Italian, in her own mother tongue, and from the lips of him, whom she had thought in the grave, such joy can be easily imagined, but not described. It was more so with Father Amato, who had doubted the possibility of her being alive, and when he assured himself of the identity of Donna Camilla and the stratagem of her confessor, to induce her to take the veil in a nunnery in which she would be able to mourn uninterrupted by a sinful world, the loss of the friend of her youth, and had made her bequeath her large fortune to the poor Order of Jesus, his astonishment knew no bounds. He remembered that he had been deceived too, in a like manner. The rage of both is not to be expressed; but soon the joy of having found each other overcame their anger at

the remembrance of these base stratagems, when they fell into each others arms, forgetting entirely their vows of celibacy, and relating to each other the adventures of the past, looking forward to a happier future; they determined to escape from that horrible place, from that nest of iniquity, and hellish brood, as they themselves styled the nunnery, and baptized the inmates of it.

At the same time that all these scenes of rage and love, fury and joy, resignation and planning of escape, was going on in the cell of the Sister Isabella with her Father Confessor, the Most Rev. Mother Abbess, dressed in pontificals with her mitre upon her head, and the pastoral in her hand, surrounded by her whole flock, numbering about twenty heads, all of which were in full monical dress, with burning torches in their hands, waiting before the door to receive the soul of Sister Isabella. They sung one hymn, and two hymns, and a third one, no door was opened; they sung the *miserere*, no door was opened; they recited all the penitential psalms and no door was opened.

The Most Rev. Mother Abbess became impatient but she could not remedy it, for none can enter a chamber where a priest is with his penitent; not even the husband of the fair penitent, (as I have already mentioned) as long as it pleases the Father Confessor to remain in the room, and console his wife. But the Mother Abbess being in pontificals thought she had a better right, approached the door, and took the liberty to listen at the key hole, not out of curiosity, but in case the soul of Sister Isabella should escape through the key hole, to be ready to send her to purgatory. But to her great astonishment she heard Sister Isabella chatting with the Father Confessor, then her impatience changed into jealousy; could hear their words, but they were Italian, so she could not understand the sense of them. But what could she do? She dare not enter *sub poena excommunicationis*! Finally, after a long suspense, a terrible combat, an excruciating sentiment of jealousy, the Father Confessor opened the door, and with a humble air, and hypocritical

tone he announced that the Sister appeared a little relieved, the sacrament of penance had had a salutary effect upon her mind, and that she would not at this time die.

The greatest abomination of the Church of Rome is, that the confessional is the instrument of immorality, the channel of espionage and murder; it is the school of corruption, and the vehicle for seducing the innocent. The Father Jesuit skillful in the art of deception and hypocrisy, deceived the Mother Abbess, he did every thing to enlist her entire confidence in his integrity and love, he neglected nothing to secure her heart, while at the same time, he used the confessional as the means of communication between himself and Sister Isabella, with whom he planned to escape from the Papal harem; his great object was to free her from the spiritual bondage of the Pope of Rome, and the bodily oppression of the cruel and unrelenting woman, the Most Rev. Mother Abbess of the American soil.

To give the reader a specimen of nunneries, the difficulties with which a confessor of that gang of lewd women in the religious habit, has to combat, and the dangers to which he is exposed. I shall give an authority of the highest order in the church of Rome: a short extract from a letter of Cardinal Ganganelli, who was elected Pope three years after he wrote the letter, assuming the name of Clement XIV. This I will translate, for the benefit of the reader, and satisfaction of the papists.

LETTER XCVII.

“TO A DIRECTOR OF NUNS,

“*by Cardinal Ganganelli.*

“I do not congratulate you upon your employment, but I will endeavour that you acquit yourself with all possible prudence and charity.

“Take my advice, and go very seldom into the parlour of the Convent, it is a place of idle conversation, senseless tales, and little slanders, and your frequenting the parlour of the Convent, cannot fail to excite jeal-

ousies; for if you see one nun oftener than another, they will suspect you, and come secretly to hear you from a spirit of curiosity, which must produce cabals and parties, and the least word you speak will have a thousand commentaries.

"Secondly, You cannot remove the idle scruples, you will often hear, except by despising them, and never listening to them more than twice.

"Thirdly, Accustom the nuns never to speak of any thing which does not regard themselves, while at confession, because they will otherwise make the confession of their neighbours, and in confessing one only, you will learn insensibly the faults of the whole community.

"Fourthly, Endeavour constantly to maintain peace in all their hearts, repeating incessantly that Jesus Christ is only to be found in the bosom of peace.

Reflect frequently, that if there is lust in the eyes of all men, as St. John tells us, there is lust in the tongue and ears of all men too. Have you skill to cure them? It is not proper to prescribe absolute silence, it is at least necessary to prohibit malicious discourses, where the nuns too frequently amuse themselves at the expense of others.

"Respect the tenderness of the sex, which requires condescension in governing them; and show some indulgence to the poor labouring in spirit, so as not to add to the yoke, already sufficiently heavy from the burden of an eternal solitude.

"There are occasions where it will be necessary to exercise all your firmness, without which you will not be Director, but directed. Some devotees have the address to lead him, who has the care of their consciences, they do this with an air of perfect piety, without seeming to intend it.

"If you neglect these hints you will repent it; but you will do better if you appear only at confessional or in the pulpit and the altar, and never in the Convent except on ecclesiastical duty. You will be much more respected, and useful. There are few directors of nuns,

who do not lose a great deal by making themselves too familiar with the nuns. It is great wisdom, never to appear among them unseasonably. Ask me nothing farther upon this subject, for I have said more than I ought to have said, Adieu.

"F. GANGANELLI,

"Convent of Holy Apostles.

"*Rome, 19th December, 1759.*"

From this extract only, and from such authority as Pope Ganganelli, the reader will not doubt of what I say, and clearly see that a nunnery is a sink of corruption, pestiferous to good morals, contagious even to the Father Confessor, dangerous to all who come in contact with it.

American parents! These are the teachers who offer to give education to your daughters, these are the places where the Roman priests wish to get your daughters, to take the milk of popery; when Clement XIV. advised his friend, who was appointed Confessor, not to enter into the brothel, oftener than possible.

The Author's object is to awaken protestant parents to a sense of duty to their religion, and their country, to the faith of their Fathers, and the liberties of their sires; not to place their sons under the care of Roman emissaries, whose interest is not to make them good citizens, brave and noble-hearted Americans, but Monks and Friars: not to place your daughters under the tuition of such corrupt teachers, who will not teach them the duties of a good house-keeper, and a faithful wife, but entice them to take the veil, and be under the key and disposition of these unmarried priests. My chief object is to open the eyes of young protestant gentlemen, to the abyss which is before them, the gulf of sorrows, which is yawning to swallow their happiness, in marrying a priest-ridden woman, who is more under the control of the Jesuit than of the husband; who *must* obey the priest, even if it is to the detriment of the husband. But above all, to purify the air of this yet uncorrupted country from the pest of Rome's *malaria*, and moral pollution of these Jesuits.

CHAP. XV.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL.

The Jesuits proud of their success, profiting by that state of political despondency and party hostility, which generally characterise those times which preceded the elections, redoubled their papal arrogance and pushed their invasive measures to excess. Father Hughes convoked another assembly, in which he informed the members, that "the leaders of one of the political parties had united with them, and" he said "we have acquired double strength, all we have now to do is to carry on the work fearlessly, for the triumph always belongs to that party, who has the most faith in their strength, and not to those who have the most righteous cause to defend. Let our Irish people know that we are physically as well as politically strong, then the number of our votes will tell, if Americans, or if the wise Repealers would enjoy the offices in America. Even protestant England will be glad to unite with us, and as a token of gratitude, she will support our institutions, while we promote her commercial and political interest in the Union.

"*No Tariff*, is England's wish in order that the gold and silver may flow into the ports of Britain, and we must prevent any established Tariff.

"*Social dissolution* is England's aim, in order that her aristocratical party may gain the ascendancy, and we will promote it.

"*Agricultural stagnation*, is her desire, in order that the Corn law may remain in statu quo, and we shall succeed to create it.

"*Commercial paralysis*, is her earnest wish, and we will satisfy her cupidity, which will yield an immense income to the Society, and an incalculable revenue to the church in Ireland and England.

"*A political disorganization* in the Union, is the only object of Britain's policy, in order that the British flag may again float over the Capitol, and we have al-

ready (if not obtained it at least) approached the crisis.

"*No Banks*, must be the cry, for 'it enriches the few and impoverishes the poor.' This will be popular with the mass of the people, 'they are too ignorant (says Professor Brownson) to govern themselves or to understand, that the social interest is as much for the poor (if not more for the poor) as for the rich, the poor must live from the rich.' The sole idea that the banks enrich the rich and make the poor poorer, will array all the labouring class on our side, and without even counting our strong catholic army, the lower class of all political sects; and the ignorant of the protestant denominations will inevitably unite with us.

"All that political leaders seek is a temporary self-interest, and that they may get. But believe me brethren, (the last phrase he pronounced with such an emphasis, and pathos, that it could not escape the notice of the lowest drunkard with the red face in the assembly) Yes! Brethren, ye who are the elect portion of the church's beloved children, ye will be remunerated here in this world, with the first offices in the United States, and recompensed in the better world with the nearest station to the holy Virgin Mary.

"The present Presidential election will not be a political campaign, but a crisis, which will decide the perpetuity and firm stand of the Catholic Church in America. The heretics have no church to care for, no religion to love, that is the reason that self-interest is their predominant passion, this is the reason that they make politics their profession, if not their God; but with us, children of the Saint of Saints, sons of Ignatius Loyola we have a Mother (which is the church) to take care of; a religion to propagate in the whole world, and politics, or any anti-social or immoral movement is nothing but the means for the propagation of these religious means which are always sanctified by the end; and the promoter of the end, will be blessed here below and be happy in heaven above.

"Before I sit down, I am happy to add, that both political parties think that we are their tools, and promote

their cause, and as a token of gratitude, they generously give us some offices, while at the same time they, the protestants, are the tools in our hands, to promote the glorious cause of the Church of Rome and the interest of the Society of Jesus."

An Irishman who had not been longer than ten months in the country, rose. From his red and swollen face, it was evident that he made a free use of the fiery liquid. He spat the quid of tobacco upon the carpet, and in a hoarse and harsh Irish accent, which scarcely any one could understand, except the Father Provincial who was an Irishman too, reported as follows:

"Holy Father! I have been very busy in the good cause, I have more than fifty tavern-keepers enrolled in this city, and have in all these, and in other taverns, faithful men to electioneer. They complain that these Temperance pledges greatly prevent the progress which they might otherwise make, and the tavern-keepers would be equally more zealous in our cause, Most Holy Father, if we could do away with the Temperance Pledge."

Provincial. "To dispense entirely with the Temperance Pledge is utterly impossible, for we would lose respectability in the eyes of the protestant community, and also lose moral influence. But we can modify the pledge by allowing three glasses a day, and if any person surpasses the number of the dispensation, he may confess it, and by stating to the confessor, that it was the means of promoting the glory of God in the political struggle of the church, the penitent will receive absolution and plenary indulgence. I will give the dispensation to day. In fact many of the protestant temperance advocates care little about it. You will receive five hundred dollars to meet the contingencies."

A professor in a protestant church rose, and with the greatest respect addressed them as follows:

"My Lord! The respectability and standing I have acquired as a leading member in a protestant church since I came into this country, gives me superiority over some

of my brethren in the Society of Jesus. I have succeeded in instilling the great principles of religious tolerance, not only among the members of our own congregation, but also through them into the whole protestant community. We may go on fearlessly, without any opposition to our holy cause; the mighty weapon of religious liberty and toleration, the impenetrable armour of charity, and the horrible giant, persecution; all these arguments are employed in our defence by the protestants themselves, and this not by the ungodly or political agitators, but by the so-called religious community, and especially by the professors of religion.

"The press which is guided by the public opinion, is of the same tenor. The commercial influence of the Society is equally extended; it yields the Society twenty per cent more this year than it did the past.

"I have set up in some small business about one hundred Irishmen, who are devoted to our cause, upon whom we can rely.

"I received goods from India and China, which were immediately distributed to our merchants in the different parts of the Union. With regard to the present political agitation, I have good prospects."

Prov. "I have always considered your station and others, who are in the same predicament, the most important, and the condition a very critical one. Your faithfulness to the cause has been recognised by the Most Rev. Father General, and will be amply recompensed. The present campaign is the most critical one we have ever had; your skill and activity must be redoubled. If we lose the present battle we shall not soon recover, but if we gain this, our foothold is sure. I make this remark in order to impress upon your mind, and those of the other members of this meeting, the importance of the work in which we are engaged. To-morrow morning, you shall receive farther instructions, and a check for the amount required."

The President of the committee of the Press, reported as follows:

"The Catholic Journals in the different cities of our province, have not realized the expectations of the Board; neither in the moral nor in the financial department. The majority of the faithful cannot read, consequently take no interest in the concern. The Board has not yet been able to introduce the Catholic Journals into protestant families, therefore, neither of the two objects have been accomplished. The debt contracted in the whole province of America for the present year, amounts to twenty-six thousand dollars, which must be paid between this and a month, we must pay the interest, or break up.

"The Germans are not a reading people, though they can all read, still they do not take much interest in the concern, and the whole is a loss."

Prov. "These reasons which the committee adduce, are by no means satisfactory, nor are they sufficient to justify a failure in that great department of the propaganda. If the faithful are ignorant, and cannot read the publications of the church, they ought to have piety enough to support them for the sole purpose of promoting the interests of the church and the glory of God. If the subject had been properly laid before the congregations from the pulpits, in private, in the confessionals, and at the mass, from the altar the faithful members would have taken interest in it, especially as a plenary indulgence of five hundred days from purgatory is connected with it.

"That our Catholic publications have not found their way into Protestant families cannot be ascribed to the unwillingness of the Protestant community, but to the deficiency of the productions, and incompetency of those who are at their head; for Protestants will read, and always read what is against their creed; they have no *index prohibitus*; their ministers have no power whatever to prevent it, it is caused by bad management, and bad taste in the selection of subjects to suit the times. Are there no Apostates in the country to attack? No books printed by heretics to censure, and to excite curiosity in the community? Are there no Protestant religious papers

to enter into controversy with, or quarrel about something? You see that the press can be made instrumental in producing that effect, which it ought to make.

President of the Committee. "All these have been done. The Apostates do not answer, and we cannot quarrel with men who are not disposed to do so. We provoke them in every way and manner. Still they are silent. The Protestant religious papers without any exception, attack our religion, villify our holy society, traduce our best intentions, and frustrate our undertakings; and who can quarrel with the whole world? If we attack one or the other, they take no notice of it, but pursue their own course, and leave us in ours, and in debt too."

Provincial. "I cannot decide without a stricter examination. That there is a defect somewhere, is beyond all doubt. To-morrow, you will receive instructions; we must look into that matter."

President of the Sabbath School Board, reported as follows:

"We have more than 30,000 children in our different Sabbath Schools in the Union, we have every where prevented the children of Catholic parents from frequenting Protestant Sabbath Schools, at the same time we have drawn large numbers of Protestant children into ours, through whom we have been able to introduce Catholic publications into Protestant families. Some times we have made presents to the children of such books which we thought would promote our interests in these families. But we are sorry to state that our finances have been below par, and our means were never adequate to the great field of labor. The congregations in the Union, taken as a mass have not been able to support their Sabbath Schools, and we had to supply them with books and also with funds. We are in debt twelve thousand dollars."

Provincial. "It is unjustifiable for any church, and especially for the Holy Catholic and Apostolical church to be in debt. If the board of the Sabbath School sup-

plies the children with books and instruction, the congregations are in duty bound to support that institution with donations; if the Association promotes the interests of the churches, they are in duty bound to give the S. S. Board collections in every church, to supply the general fund; and if one annual collection will not suffice, they must give two.

"The European funds cannot be applied for Sabbath School purposes, or any schools, they are for the purpose of promoting the spiritual interest of the church and the Glory of God."

Committee of S. S. "The Sabbath Schools are of the greatest importance to our missionary operations. If we neglect them we are sure to lose the rising generation. They will go into Protestant schools, read Protestant books, and the worst of all books, the Bible; (a) and not only read them, but carry them into the families and poison whole communities: without speaking of the acquisition of Protestant children to our schools, and the advantage we have to propagate our Roman Catholic publications among them through their own children.

"In the western part of the Union where the Protestant preachers see their congregations every fortnight, and sometimes only once in a month, our efforts are very successful, for a preacher in the West often has twelve congregations, when our missionaries have but two, and organize Sabbath Schools and reap all the advantages of Protestant labor. The Committee hope that they shall participate in the funds of the European Propaganda."

Prov. "The second point, namely, the usefulness among the Protestants, entitles the Sabbath School Association to the Mission fund, but not as a school. In Italy, Austria, and in all the Roman Catholic countries, the church knows nothing of Sabbath Schools, it is only an expediency in the Western Province. (United States.)

(a) See the Bull of Pope Gregory XVI, dated May 7th 1845, who considers the Bible the worst and most pernicious book upon the earth.

You may therefore draw on the treasury of the Mission for the amount."

President of the Church Building Fund, reported.

"My Lord! We have complied with the order of the Holy Father in Rome. The modern churches are all built as prescribed in the instructions, with vaults underneath for special *purposes*, and it has created suspicion among the heretics, as the bad always suspect, and the criminal always fear. It is therefore, no wonder that the foresight of our Holy Father General, in that part of the Propaganda has drawn their attention to it."

That such is really the case, that churches of the Papists are built for other puposes than devotions is obvious from the testimony of *Morton McMichael, Esq.*, Sheriff of the city and county of Philadelphia.

SHERIFF'S EVIDENCE.

Testimony adduced before the Court of Quarter Sessions. The Attorney General called.

Morton McMichael. *Sworn.* "I am the High Sheriff of the city and county of Philadelphia.

"I told him it was indiscreet to have done so, and enquired the reason why this had been done; when there was no immediate danger. Priest Dunn replied, that he had recieved information that day, that the church was to be attacked in the evening, and put a note into my hands. I read part of it, and found that the hand writing was that of a female, and signed with a female signature; the substance of the note was, that the church was to be attacked that evening. I asked him who the writer was, and he said a young lady, a teacher in his Sabbath School!!!!

"I went into the church with the twenty men, and Alderman McKinley. I found in the robing room, the same persons I had left there. I made a list of those who had been furnished as my posse, and when I had done so, some person proposed to make a search. I said to them, 'that they were my posse; that

they were there for the protection of property; that it would be unsafe to make a search with candles, and that day-time was the proper period for that.' While still speaking on that subject, a side door was opened, and two men were seen armed with muskets; they were standing there as if guarding a passage; and each man had a musket, the men then became excited, expressed apprehension of being fired on from the inside of the church, and said they could not stay to peril their lives. We then went through the church. We found in the church, stationed at different parts, eight or ten men armed—eight of their muskets were loaded.

"We found a number of muskets stacked in one of the side rooms of the church, and also in a closet a number of old fowling pieces, single and double barreled guns, and rifles; most of them were loaded, and loaded very heavily. There were besides, some pistols, and a considerable quantity of ammunition, &c."

Again listen, and read carefully an extract from the report of a committee of twenty respectable gentlemen and note the cowardly subterfuge of a Papal priest, a man who dared to call himself the Lord's Anointed.

Read! Read the following extract, and then fellow christians extend your charity to its utmost limits and see if you can countenance Jesuitism!

"The committee concluded to parley no longer and started upon the search. The first door we opened, revealed two able-bodied Irishmen with fixed bayonets, and loaded muskets. These men were disarmed, and on opening the door at which they stood sentry, we saw twenty-seven muskets stacked along the room. Placing out of our own number a guard over these men and muskets, we proceeded on our search and in our way found eight other men armed as above. Arriving in the room in which their religious services were held, one of the Committee brought the priest in front of the altar, and thus addressed him:

"I ask you upon your sacred word as a man, as a christian, have you any more men here? Have you any

more arms? Have you any more ammunition? To each of these questions he answered no.

Finding nothing new in our progress, we again proceeded to the room or vestibule from which we started. In this room were several closets, and some of them were in a case or counter, which stood along the wall. We asked the priest to open it. He said that it contained nothing but a few lemons and articles for making something to drink. We asked him to open it, when we discovered a keg of powder, some percussion caps and buck shot; and on account of this quibbling of the priest, we were anxious to open a closet, which was under the stairs, leading from the vestibule to the room behind the altar. The priest here said that the closet contained private property belonging to his brother, W. H. Dunn, and some small articles belonging to himself, and objected to open it, saying, "That the key of that place had never been in the hands of any other person but himself and brother." No denial would be listened to, and accordingly the closet was opened; in it were found seven single and two double barrel guns, and several pistols, and several hundred cartridges, some of which had eight, ten, or more slugs and buck shot in them, and upon the examination of some of the fowling pieces, they had seven, eight, and even nine finger loads in them."

"Our churches," continued the president of the church building fund, "have in the last five years largely augmented in members, and also their debt. The emigrants from Europe, who are nearly all devoted to the church, are too poor to support it, much less to build or to pay its already contracted debts. The American Catholics are unfortunately too indifferent to religion to be liberal. The pest of radicalism, of opposing the trusteeships to the Bishops, has taken too deep root in the hearts of the people. The litigations in the courts of some of the cities on that point, has had a very bad effect upon the minds of the faithful, and prejudiced even the ignorant European Catholics against our cause.

Our churches in general are in a very bad financial

state. The debt of all the Catholic churches in the United States cannot be paid with three million of dollars. The Board humbly lays the case before his lordship, and waits for farther instructions."

Prov. "I am very much obliged for the financial report of our church debts, and am really thankful to God that he has assisted us so far in the work of the propaganda, the debt is small, and could be paid with little effort. The number of the faithful are one million and a half in the United States, that would only be one dollar and fifty cents per head. Should a Catholic, who is nursed in the bosom of the only saving church, not have love enough to give such a small amount for the support of that mother, who gave him spiritual birth? Protestants may be so heartless as to let their churches be sold by the sheriff, but that shall not be said of us. I am not anxious that the debt shall be paid, for as long as we have debts, we have claims upon the fund of the propaganda in Rome, and have the sympathies of other European Missionary Funds.

"I shall be obliged to the Board to let me know how much the support from the protestants to the church building fund has been?"

Pres. "We are not able to give the exact amount; but with certainty we can calculate a fourth part of the amount collected."

Prov. "That is too little, the great principle is to get the greater part of the amount from the protestants. We must show them, that our churches draw a large number of settlers, improve the property, and augment its value. The majority of protestants are easily persuaded, especially when their personal interest is promoted, they care little about religion.

"The Board will be good enough to make a specified report, of what the debt of each church amounts to, and in proportion to the amount each church will receive its portion to liquidate a part of that due. The other Committees shall meet in private."

Then he arose and addressed the meeting as follows:

"Gentlemen ! The political tide is swelling—soon the waters of popular excitement will rise above the level; be not afraid of being swallowed up to perish in the vortex. The contest will be warm, but it is your duty to remain cool spectators of the battle. The Confessional will do the work among the faithful; you must labour among the protestants. Divide wherever you can, throw the brand of discord among the political ranks. Mislead the leaders. Mystify your acts. Promise always, but always conditionally. Try to detect and penetrate into the secrets of the parties, and when you have not been able to succeed, feign as if you knew all, Repeal, No Tariff, or protection, No Bank or Banks, Specie, High Wages, &c. All these must be (according to circumstances,) the means and vehicles to accomplish our purposes, and weapons to defeat our enemies.

"I shall be much obliged if every man will act separately, and send me a weekly report. For this evening, I thank you for your kind attendance. As soon as I shall have something special to communicate, I shall again call you together."

He then retired into his private room where he again thus discoursed with himself :

"All is calm and harmony from without, but all is at war within. Every prospect is favourable, the political as well as religious triumph is mine, but of what use is the victory, without Sister Isabella ! To use authoritative measures would be fatal. She is not subject to the good pleasure of the Superior as other nuns. She may return to Rome and complain to the Father General. To gain her by other means is equally impossible for she is too sensitive, her pride and noble education, would rebuke any other attempt of that nature, and then Father Amato is her countryman, he may protect her, and that which is at present nothing but an acquaintance, may change into confidence, and pass the line of discretion.

"To send away Father Amato would be of no use whatever, it would only arm the Mother Abbess against myself, without gaining my object, and she may equally

be revenged by informing the Father General in Rome. The best and the surest will be to remove the Mother Abbess, and place Sister Isabella in her place, promote her to the dignity of an Abbess, and in that way she will be under an obligation to me, and as an act of gratitude, yield.

CHAP. XVI.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE CONVENT.

One Sunday about 12 o'clock, when all the nuns were in the choir assisting at high mass, the priests at the altar, the church filled with worshippers; even the Turnkey sister was devotedly occupied, and in her fervour, left the key in the lock of the front door, perhaps to facilitate her escape. The reader will not think me so uncharitable as to judge that worthy Turnkey lady, or to accuse her of having been bribed by some body, it will be sufficient to say, that the door was locked and the key left in it.

The Convent was entirely deserted, except Sister Isabella, who was sick, or pretended to be so, and the pious Sister Porter was occupied in reading the life of some saint, and could not watch the sick sister. All was quiet, all was propitious, the appointed time arrived. Sister Isabella arose from her bed, according to the understanding, she expected that a carriage, or a friend would wait for her outside the Roman prison. She turned the key, opened the door and shut it after her, and made her escape; but unfortunately she went too early, the carriage had not yet arrived, neither did her expected friend, much to her chagrin, make his appearance,

The reader will imagine the melancholy position in which that poor nun was placed. She could not return into the Convent for the door was closed; to wait on the outside was utterly impracticable, for the mass was nearly at an end, every moment's delay would be fatal

to her happiness. Desperation was painted on her emaciated face, no friend to whom she could fly, no hospitable house where she could take refuge; and if she should be found in that situation, her life would be in danger.

In the land of freedom, there was cruel bondage for her. In the asylum of the oppressed, there was no law to protect her; in the land of the brave, was no friendly hand to snatch her from the cruel jaws of perpetual bondage, ruin and sorrow. All these crowded upon her mind, and sorrow was added to despair.

Finally a ray of hope lightened her mind, it grew, and approached her like an *ignis fatuus*. She realized in her heart similar feelings, to that of a man about to be wrecked on the coast, every wave that raises him appears as if it would bring him nearer the shore, forgetting that the next wave takes him back double the distance. So the nun tossed by the waves of disappointment and hope, resolved to confide herself to the hands of protestants, believing herself safer under the care of heretics than in the hands of the priests, and under the care of the Most Rev. Mother Abbess. Oh! how she was deceived. She fled accordingly into the next house where protestants resided, and with tears in her eyes implored their protection. Upon her knees she supplicated the protestants to save her from the Roman priest's hand, and not to send her again into Rome's den of corruption and misery. The people who witnessed this scene could not restrain their tears; the priest who persecuted her (not Father Amato) remained untouched, took her from the house, and dragged her back into the Convent.

A similar occurrence in the city of Baltimore will sufficiently convince the reader of the corruption of nunneries in America, and must produce horror against them, as a social pest and a demoralizing engine.

"ESCAPE OF A NUN FROM THE CARMELITE PRISON IN
ASQUITH STREET.

"On the eighteenth day of August, 1839, which was the Lord's day, we had preached as usual at ten o'clock

in the forenoon, to the congregation which for nearly seven years we had ministered to in spiritual things in Baltimore. About noon, and immediately after the public worship of God was concluded, a very valuable friend who is (as his father before him was) one of the most respectable men in the city, called upon us at the house of another esteemed friend, who is also one of our most respectable citizens; and briefly informed us, that 'a nun had just made her escape from the Convent in Asquith street; that she was as yet protected by a worthy citizen, whose house she had entered; that a crowd was collecting; that there were rumours of an immediate attempt to convey her back by force to the Convent; that no one seemed to know what was best to be done; and that our presence was desired on the spot. Without a moment's hesitation, we all three went to the scene of the affair, which appeared to threaten such instant and serious results. As we went, the writer(a) of this (the Rev. Dr. Breckenbridge,) called on a gentleman, who is on all accounts one of the most influential in the city, and who is a member and a class-leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church; both those before named being members of our own church. We called there for two purposes, First, To learn the name of the nearest magistrate: Second, To carry with us the weight of the presence of the principal citizens in the immediate neighborhood of the commotion. A similar call was made by the other gentlemen, on one or two individuals, and in a few moments we arrived at the corner of Asquith and Douglas streets, accompanied by men above all suspicion, and accustomed to be looked to, as the very pattern of civic and social propriety. When we arrived on the ground we found a mob of just the same sort of men in great part, already there! It is needless to add, that in such hands every good cause was not only safe but sacred.

"After a brief exchange of sentiments with a few groups of friends, we entered the house adjoining that in

(a) Papism in the nineteenth century in the United States, by Robert Breckenbridge, D. D., No. xxvii. p. 240.

which the nun was, which was occupied by a personal friend and a member of our church, a widow, who was also proprietor of the house into which the fugitive had been received. At our request, the master of the house came in to us, and at our suggestion sent immediately for the Mayor of the city; while we passed into his house, with the Rev. Mr. Poisal, of the Methodist Episcopal church, and the friend who came first for us. Here we suggested that a few resolute men, who could be relied on for prudence and courage, should be let into the house, and that all force should be resisted by force, until the Mayor should arrive. This was immediately done:

"We take leave to say, that after mature consideration, we see nothing better than was suggested on the instant. If the woman had been carried back by force, no human power could have prevented a fearful and bloody riot; which in its progress would have involved the whole city and covered it with mourning. Besides this, the nun was free and of full age, and therefore without warrant of law, no one had a right to molest her, and common humanity, honour, and religion required that she should have the protection she piteously demanded. Still farther, the glorious axiom of the common law holds with us, that even the humblest and poorest man's house is his castle, and may be defended lawfully, against the whole world, and especially against lawless attempts to break into it.

"It has been said, that no one had any thought of using force, or of taking back the nun without her free consent. Such statements are false, they were never thought of, until it was found what would be the certain effect of an appeal to force; and they can be disproved by hundreds of men of unimpeached and unimpeachable veracity. When the nun's escape was discovered in the convent, men and women issued from it, and ran in all directions, up and down the streets in pursuit, in anxious search for her after she had luckily found shelter. Priest Gildea, who is confessor to the convent, was very soon on the ground, and repeatedly attempted, and positively

insisted again and again on having an interview with the nun. And not only papists but even protestant vociferously demanded the instant restoration of the nun to the convent, with or against her will, until the decided indications of public indignation awed down such audacious priests, and mad projects.

"So perfectly well established was the fact of a contemplated rescue, and so fatal did such an attempt appear to us to be, that while we were in the same house with the nun, and while the matter was undergoing a vociferous discussion out of doors, we proposed, and all within approved the idea, that while we defended the house to the last extremity, the nun should change her dress and be patiently removed, if the Mayor did not speedily arrive. (Bravo, bravissimo Dr. Breckenbridge, I love you the more for that idea.) So as at once to defeat the attempted rescue, and keep matters in *statu quo*, and the execution of the project was prevented only by the prompt appearance of that officer.

"What it takes us many words to relate, passed away very quickly. While it was passing, we had at the Carmelite's request, a personal interview with her, in the presence of the two gentlemen who entered the house in which she was with us; and also of several members of the family residing in the house. This interview was brief but decisive. On its own account, as well as on the account of the public attempts to prove madness on her, as Dr. Miller has not hesitated to call her 'a perfect maniac:' we will try to give the reader an accurate impression of the scene.

"We were ushered by a narrow winding stairway into a small upper chamber of a house, only one room deep, and of very low ceiling. The front windows of this room were immediately on the street, about ten or twelve feet above the pavement, and under them were hundreds of men violently excited about the poor sufferer, who could see and hear every thing, if it so pleased her. At a back window, seated on a low chest, in a posture of meek and quiet sorrow, was the unhappy Car-

melite. She appeared to be a female somewhat above thirty years of age, with a full and rather pleasant face, and large black eyes. Her appearance was that of a person in ordinary health; and her dress the peculiar and shocking costume of her Order. She held in her hand a white handkerchief of very fine texture; and with becoming modesty, instinctively hid her feet under her dress, so that the imperfect and barbarous protection of them required as we knew, by her Order, might not be visible. Her arms were bare to the elbow, and exhibited such an aspect of exposure and hardships, as to excite some suspicion in our mind, as to her condition in the convent. Indeed we expressed these doubts as kindly as we could during the conversation, by a question as to her quality; whether, namely she had been a sister or a domestic? She replied humbly, but firmly, a sister. We repeat these things because they give the reader a just idea of what we wish to convey, and because they show what was our own state of mind at the time.

"We took a seat at the side of the nun, Mr. Poisal sat on the edge of the bed, on the other side of her. He had gone up stairs a moment or two before us, and as we entered the room, he said to her, 'this is Mr. B,' naming us. Her reply went to our heart: she extended her hands towards us, and repeating our name, said almost convulsively: 'I claim your protection.' May God do so and more, to every man's soul, who shall dare to outrage nature and heaven, by resisting such an appeal, in such a case! We told her, we had come to her for no other purpose.

"A rapid conversation, in which several took part, immediately ensued, from which we learned in substance, that her name was Olivia Neal, originally from Charles Co., Md., but now called Sister Isabella; that she had been put into the convent very young, and had been in it nine or ten years; that she had once succeeded in making her escape into the street, when she was met, forcibly carried back, and subjected to severe penances: that having again escaped, her anxious desire was for

present protection, a desire she repeatedly expressed: that however, she wished all to understand, that she did not desire to change her religion, but only her condition as a nun: that she did not wish any violence offered to the nuns or priests on her account, against whom indeed she said, she was not disposed to make any accusation: that she felt agitated, and unfit for any extended conversation on the subject of her past trials, and asked only for security, repose, and tranquility, till she could collect her faculties, and decide more maturely on her future line of conduct, which was the more necessary, she said, as they had told her, that her mind was weak; and that having *no friends* in whom she could confide, she was obliged to throw herself on the public for protection."

After this extensive quotation of such a worthy minister of the Gospel, as Dr. Breckenbridge is, in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Poisal of the M. E. Church, and other witnesses,—American citizens, "men of unimpeached and unimpeachable veracity of the city of Baltimore;" after so many facts, which have compelled Catholic Sovereigns of Europe to suppress nunneries; after the numerous facts of immorality which fell under the eyes of the writer of these pages, of which the prison of *San Angelo* in Rome is a living witness; and the oppression and tyranny exercised in every part of America where these Papal harems are established under the care of those unmarried gentlemen, who have the sole privilege to enter, to direct, to chain and to discipline, which means to flog, the inmates of the seraglio like the emperor at Constantinople, the reader will take my narrative and read it with interest and delight.

Returning to our Sister Isabella, the Italian nun: I will not speak of the popular fury and just indignation of the true American Protestants, I shall only speak of the anti-republican principles, which such cases suggest and the indifference of Protestants to the true Bible-principles and constitutional rights.

The Roman priest, who dragged the nun into the convent, told the people that the nun who escaped was de-

ranged. Why was there not a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* issued to verify the charge and satisfy the public mind on that subject.

Americans must know, and Papists must hear, whether they like or dislike, that this is the universal charge made in all cases. In Italy, and even in the city of Rome, where the elopements and escapes of nuns from convents are daily occurrences, I never heard another reason given than madness, and even in the United States, a MILLY MCPHERSON was mad; a MARIA MONK was mad; an OLIVIA NEAL was mad; a SISTER ISABELLA, &c. &c., all mad, perfect maniacs.

Yes! to escape from a corrupt Roman female prison, to break the Roman yoke is madness in the eyes of Rome's corrupt priesthood; to shake off the chains with which Rome fetters the consciences of the innocent, is madness in her eyes; to seek protection in a Protestant house, against the persecution of Roman priests, and the tyranny of a debauched Mother Abbess, and above all, commit the heinous crime of imploring the assistance of the laws of a free country, is sheer madness according to Rome and her minions.

Where have these nuns, these Sister Isabellas been sent? What has become of these poor creatures? Are they yet in life, or have they perished by tortures, or cruel treatment? Who knows? These are questions for which the Jesuits are indebted to an American public.

Is there no grand jury to be found, who have the moral courage to enquire? Is there no law to protect the oppressed? Has a religious body whose chief is in a foreign land a right to deprive our Republic of its sons and daughters, and make anchorites and cenobits of them? Are the thieves and robbers in the county jail more privileged than the innocent children of the American soil? The first have a protection of a grand jury, who visits the prisons every six months, and sees that the criminals (though they may be from foreign lands) are treated with humanity; and shall the second be left to the mercy of

merciless Roman priests, because they have the misfortune to be innocent? Who cares if any woman intends to shut herself in her own house, and pleases to call herself a nun; but that a priest, a Roman subject, or even an American citizen should keep a prison on his own account, for private and denominational purposes, or for the interest of a King, or of a Pope, and lock up Columbia's fair daughters, keep them under the key, chain them, flog them, punish them in any way without the laws' knowing of it, or of having access to these prisons, is a public nuisance, a social pest, an outrage against a well organised society and a crime which must be abated and punished by the power of the state; if the rulers will not do it, society must reject such rulers as unworthy, and accessory to all the villainy they connive at, and if society can get no redress against such social evils, it is individually commissioned to rise *en masse* to correct them. It was a maxim adopted in the American Revolution, by the fathers of this free country, and the principle is in full force; that "the right of revolution itself, is a sacred and inalienable right." Much more so, the right to protect the weak, the oppressed, and the suffering, when they in God's name demand it.

"Ah!" says the interested priest, "they are not criminals, but *voluntary prisoners*, for the sake of the Virgin Mary!" O! wretched and anti-republican doctrines, worthy of the source from whence it is derived! I ask these Roman priest; I ask the American legal advisers; I ask the legislators, and the whole nation; if an American is at liberty to become a voluntary prisoner? If the lives and liberties of an American citizen belong to the Roman priest, or even to the individual himself, or if they do not belong to the Republic? I ask if a drunkard who wishes to become a sober man and a useful citizen, would be admitted into our State prison, on the plea that he cannot resist the temptations of grog? Certainly not, because, self-government is the basis of our Republic. Now why shall our American children be admitted into

a Roman Catholic prison, on the plea that they cannot resist the temptations of this world? Will a young woman better resist the temptations of a young priest, when she is entirely alone with him, shut up in the confession room between four walls, than she will resist a young gentleman under the eye of society, and the protection of the laws.

In the name of virtue and liberty, I ask if the Presbyterian, Methodist, or Protestant Episcopal children, belong to the Ministers of their denominations? By no means. Then what right have the Roman priests to claim such privileges? What right have they to separate the American children from the social duties, and republican obligations on American soil? The priests will answer, "we claim it as a constitutional right to pray with them, who seclude themselves from a sinful world."

A constitutional right to pray with the beautiful young ladies, and have them between four walls under key, and appropriate their property; rob their relations of their right of inheritance, and pocket their money! Is that the fruit of the prayers of these priests of Moloch?

Thank God, that the stupor which has rested upon the public mind is dissipated. The people see the danger. The public mind is turned to this great and growing evil. They will remedy the evil, by an humble supplication to our civil authorities. If Protestant ministers, especially unmarried ones, should associate and keep some fine rich young ladies under the key, as voluntary prisoners, and pray with them, and have rat holes for the night, and confessionals for the day, Latin prayers to cure the diseases of their souls, and holy water to sprinkle their bodies; and give indulgencies for their property, which should be inherited by their relations, declare them perfect maniacs, when they wish their liberty; send them off some where, where no one knows, punish and flog them if they should have the impudence to implore protection from a citizen of another denomination. Would the American people suffer such anti-social proceedings

in protestant ministers? Would American laws tolerate such an illegal course? The reader will answer in the negative.

I would respectfully ask, why should the same act be criminal if perpetrated by protestant ministers, and be considered legal and virtuous in the Roman priests? The reader perceives, that I am only endeavouring to develop the realities of Jesuitism. The answer is thus: "That the law would not tolerate these corruptions among protestant ministers, which they allow among the Roman priests; for it is not the genius of protestantism; it is not the spirit of the Bible." I thank God that it is so, that truth has come to light, and I am not now surprised that the *Castle San Angelo* in Rome, is full of clerical convicts, for licentiousness, and seduction, and that all the high and low dignitaries of the church of Rome have *concubines*. That is the genius of popery, that is in harmony with the church of Rome. But is it according to the spirit of republicanism? Is it according to the genius of social progress, and the moral standard of a free nation, which is governed by virtue only? The answer I leave to the intelligent reader, and return to our narrative in the Pope's seraglio.

I will admit that the Italian nun was mad, and all the other poor nuns, who like her have escaped, and that those who shall escape in future are also mad. Is it not novel in its gender, that the Roman Catholic nunneries are hospitals for the insane? Is this the defence for the Popish prisons? Have they no better argument for the support of nunneries? Is it a wonder that they should become monomaniacs after a long course of imprisonment, accompanied with rigor and unkindness, and given up to filth and crime, which tends to weaken, and destroy the mental faculties? This is not the only question in point, which interests society: By what authority, for what ends, and with what effects, are these private prisons established? I can answer that question: To make women mad, and then claim them forcibly on account of that madness. Who can say that a scabbled

sheep is more dangerous in a flock, than a Jesuit in a republic? Who can say that the Asiatic Cholera, is more contagious, more destructive to life, than Jesuits to morals? Who can rely upon these poisoners of liberty, and enemies of social order, who to day, threaten monarchy in the name of democracy, to-morrow, oppose democracy in the name of the divine right of monarchy? Who is it that will not detest these janissaries; "*necesse est tempori ad novos rerum casus inservire*," who admit when in power; disavow when threatened, and dissimulate in order to obtain the end?

Americans! The greatest insult offered to a man in Europe, is to call him a Jesuit. If you call a French man *Tartuf*, he will challenge you to a duel, to defend his honor. To say to an Italian, "You look like a Jesuit," he will throw his stiletto, to revenge the insult; and to say to a Swiss, "You act like a Jesuit," he will gouge the eyes out of your head. In one word, they are subjects of no country; obedient to no power; tied to no bonds, neither filial nor that of friendship. Rome is their home; the General their sovereign. Wealth and power their only aim.

To show the reader that such occurrences are not rare in the United States, and that protestants cannot rely upon any statement of the Roman priests, not even upon the public statement of their ecclesiastical heads in America, and that misrepresentation has always been the Jesuits' weapon: I will give the Official Correspondence of *Mr. Samuel Eccleston*, the self-styled arch-bishop of Baltimore, with *Gen. S. C. Leakin*, Mayor of the city of Baltimore.

Baltimore, August 31, 1839.

"*Sir*:—We have lately passed through scenes, which caused us no little solicitude for the religious society under my jurisdiction."

I would take the liberty to ask *Mr. Eccleston*, as he is an apostate from Protestantism, to the Man of Sin; and as I have had the privilege to come out from his Babylon,

and embrace the Protestant truth as it is in Jesus, we stand, in a certain measure, on the same platform, with the difference, that he left Protestantism, and though an American citizen, became a Roman; and I being a Roman citizen, and a Papist, became an American and a Protestant. Has his flock, which is under his spiritual jurisdiction, liberty of conscience? Are they all voluntarily under his jurisdiction? Do they exercise their full unconstrained liberty, or are they *sub poena excommunicationis*, bound under his spiritual jurisdiction. Have the nuns liberty to leave the prisons of which he is the spiritual and temporal jailor?

"And as their ecclesiastical organ," Mr. E. continues, "I take the earliest opportunity, since my return from New York, to express to you, and those who so nobly co-operated with you, my thanks for the protection afforded to the Carmelite Convent."

As Mr. Eccleston has been in New York, he will cheerfully admit that he knew nothing of what was going on in Baltimore at the Asquith Convent, as he pleases to call it. He ought to give thanks to the members of the Methodist Episcopal church in Asquith street, and to Dr. Breckenbridge's congregation, who so nobly co-operated with the Mayor of the city of Baltimore, and also nobly protected the nun, (as Mr. E. pleases to call her.) Mr. Eccleston who is an American by birth, and a protestant by education, will not deny the fact, that the spirit of tolerance and good order, has always characterised protestants and protestant countries, while on the other side, the spirit of intolerance, has been displayed in every district of the cities in the Union, where his flock had the numerical influence. Even in the city of Baltimore, the papists (Mr. Sam's. flock) rushed into a protestant church, in Eutaw street, and drove the worshippers out, and forbade, and defied the Rev. Mr. Smith, (once a Roman Catholic priest,) to preach in the city. The impudence of popery was so great in that city, that even Priest Gildea descended the platform of ministerial

dignity so low, that he intruded into a protestant assembly, worshipping in East Baltimore street, and during the exercises, publicly reviled, and insulted the officiating minister. The panic of the protestants in Baltimore, was so great a few years ago, that a member of the Baltimore Bar refused to plead for a child that had been kidnapped and secreted by certain papists, because as he said, his house would have been burned over his head.(a)

Mr. Eccleston is well aware, that in any district of our cities, where the papists have power, no man is safe, who would venture to call in question the doctrines of papism, even in the exercise of official duty. Without speaking of the anarchy of Roman Catholic countries, the Papal state not excepted.

"This duty we owe," continues Mr. E. "perhaps more to ourselves than to you. For in the obligation, and in the helpless sex of those, who claimed your protection, you must find the proud and ample recompense of a generous heart."

Mr. Sam. this is an outrage upon good sense, as well as against the kind, and peaceable citizens of Baltimore. Against whom did the poor nun Olivia implore protection, against the protestants or against the Roman priests? Did the nun escape from a protestant nunnery, or from a papal prison? Did not Priest Gildea run after the nun and claim her as his property, against her own will? I am really astonished, that Jesuits should be such block-heads and not understand their own position.

"It is with the deepest grief, that I have witnessed those scenes of violence which you were called on to repel."

This is cunning, ridiculous, and entirely in harmony with the spirit of Jesuitism. Mr. Eccleston was deeply grieved to witness the scenes of violence. Who was the cause? Does not Mr. E, know as an ex-protestant, that the whole community detests nunneries, and that every

(a) Papism in the nineteenth century in the United States, by Robert Breckenbridge, D. D., p. 261.

little incident is sufficient to awaken the odium against these female prisons? Why not abolish them as useless, anti-legal, offensive to the people in general, and a nuisance to society.

The question stands simply thus: can the Roman priests and Jesuits be without these female prisons or not? Can they not dispense with them? Can they not be without them? Then why does the church of Rome boast so much about celibacy, and holy sisterhoods?

"In Baltimore," Mr. E. says, "especially, I was not prepared to expect them, where the very name of our city reminds us of the founder of Maryland, one of the earliest and truest friends of civil and religious liberty."

Here I have two items to specify, first, the ignorance of His Lordship the Bishop of Baltimore, who is a Marylander, and does not know the history of Baltimore. Please Mr. Sam. to read Griffith's work on Baltimore, and you will see that it never was a Catholic city. The other point, which is a marvellous one, viz: A Roman Catholic Arch-bishop invoking civil and religious liberty. What liberty does he mean, the liberty to imprison women? To drag the poor nun, Olivia, against her will into the prison, where she had been confined for nine years? I would like to hear it specified.

"Yet it is in this city," continues Mr. E. "that we have witnessed a cruel and unmanly attack upon the reputation and peaceful abode of unoffensive women, many of whom are descended from the first colonists of Maryland, and the faith of their fathers, who have chosen to enter a religious community, and divide their time between the practice of prayer, self-denial, and the instruction of youth."

I have no doubt that Mr Eccleston is speaking of his own experience, when he speaks of the faith of their fathers, he means apostates like himself.

"Connected as they are for the most part with the oldest and most respectable Catholic families of the State,

and being unrestrained in their communications with their friends and relations, they have protectors out of the Convent, and out of the priesthood, able and willing to guard their rights, and to invoke for them, if necessary, the protection of the laws of the state."

The whole paragraph is incorrect, and if Mr. Eccleston is desirous that the case should be tried by an American jury, and judged by a civil court, I will show him from the canon *de corpus jures*, that the nuns have no right to invoke the protection of the laws; that she has no chance even if she has the intention and she is prevented even if she should escape, for she is immediately declared a maniac, and the Mayor, or the other magistrates deliver her against her will to the Roman mad house, or rather into the wolf's throat.

"But compassion for the inmates of the nunnery was not the motive of the assailants of the premises."

What other motives had the Protestants, who protected the nun and nunnery even before the Mayor of the city appeared, than compassion? It was pure compassion for their miserable situation, and to free them from the heavy yoke imposed by Rome. Was that not compassionate and humane?

"The escape of an insane member of their community, whom her companions had watched over with the affection of sisters, and who every body will now admit, would have been far happier with such friends than elsewhere, was made the pretext for directing upon them the most ruthless and terrible violence, from which under Providence, they have been rescued mainly by your promptness and energy. I rejoice to add, that every description of party and creed was lost in the general determination to maintain the rights of conscience and the supremacy of the laws."

To hear a Roman Catholic Bishop speak of the rights of conscience is ridiculous. Jesuits who imprison women, deprive their relations of their rightful inheritance, must have really large consciences. Roman Priests who

have, from time immemorial, been advocates of an Inquisition to burn the heretics, have good reason to speak of rights of conscience, and laws.

"And I should be ungrateful, if I did not publically acknowledge the obligations which we owe to the liberal and just course pursued generally by the press in the midst of those exciting events. I am persuaded that the manly and upright efforts of a portion of it, had a powerful influence in resisting the spirit of persecution, and repelling the calumnies, which were industriously circulated in order to influence the public mind, and to urge on the reckless, to deeds of violence. It would extend this communication unreasonably, if I attempted to enumerate the many persons, whose generous exertions came under my own observation. I must therefore beg you to convey my thanks to the citizens generally, and to those who were personally engaged in the defence of the Convent, for the protection so efficiently afforded in the hour of danger.

"I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully and gratefully, your obedient servant, †SAM. ECCLESTON,

"Arch Bishop of Baltimore.

"To General S. C. Leakin,
Mayor of the city of Baltimore."

What an arrogance for a Roman priest to call himself *arch bishop of Baltimore*; a presumption above all presumptions, when four-fifths of the inhabitants of Baltimore, do not belong to that precious *spiritual jurisdiction of Mr. Samuel Eccleston*, and the exceeding liberal religious society of Ignatius Loyola. If Mr. Sam would call himself Bishop of the Romans or Romanists, or Papists of Baltimore, I would have no objection; but the ridiculous idea, to consider the city of Baltimore as a church, when it is in reality a city; it shows the secular and all-grasping tendency of Rome, and the ambition of that anti-christian hierarchy. We have no office, temporal or spiritual, political or ecclesiastical, which is not conferred by the voice of the people. Who are his fel-

low citizens which conferred that title, or dignity, or trust, and, as he himself calls it, jurisdiction on Mr. Sam? The Roman Catholics residing in Baltimore city and county? No! It was a foreign potentate, an Italian tyrant, a priestly despot, who calls himself a pope, conferred upon Sam, the responsible office of a Bishop of Baltimore.

As my object is not to enumerate the Papal absurdities, I will chiefly limit myself to the political, and immoral tendency of the Jesuits in America, and consider the escape of Olivia Neal and Sam Eccleston as a collateral case.

CHAP. XVII.

THE REVENGE.

The escape of the Italian nun, contributed not a little to the joys of the Mother Abbess, for the first had been (as a matter of expediency) removed into another Roman jail, and the second occupied the whole field with the Italian Father Confessor; for the Italian Jesuit could so artfully dissimulate, that none dreamed, much less suspected him to be the author of the drama.

The Mother Abbess having no rival to fear, being the only decent looking woman in the whole priestly seraglio; the other nuns though younger and handsomer built, still so emaciated by penances, dejected by the heavy labor with which that motherly Abbess burdened them, care worn by anxiety to be released from that prison without any hope; broken down by sickness, which is usually the consequence of such a wretched exclusive, inclusive, and preclusive life, from all good and moral society; and many other causes, which the Jesuits will know; reduced them to shadows, and movable skeletons. The Mother Abbess on the contrary took good care to remain always *enbonpoint*, and appeared in the confessional graceful, in the parlor com-

me-il-faut, and when alone in her cell with the Father Director, charming.

It was not so with the Italian Jesuit, with all his dissimulation, studied affability, and Jesuitical artifices, the troubles of his mind were visible upon his countenance.

This is the Italian character; revenge on the spot, satisfaction at the moment. In time of adversity, the Italian is as much depressed and helpless, as he was gay, cheerful, and indifferent in time of prosperity. He resembles the flower, when the burning rays of the meridian sun shines upon it, the head hangs down, but as soon as the refreshing dew touches it again, it opens its calix and raises its head. The Italian has great vivacity, but no spirit of enterprise, as a consequence of a feminine education, and priestly government. He is grateful for benefits received, and moved even to tears. The Italian is very susceptible of friendship, he is capable of great sacrifices, but he can easily attach himself to another friend, sacrifice all for the new one and neglect the former.

Travellers give an erroneous account of the habits and character of the Italians. They describe them as immoral and faithless; this may appear so to the eye of the biased stranger, but it is not so in reality. A nation which has produced so many poets, cultivated for centuries the fine arts, and acquired the prerogative of being the teacher of nations and mistress of the world, could she have cultivated either arts or sciences, produced so many geniuses without virtue and the example of a constant practice of them? The present degenerating state is to be attributed to those who govern, and the priests who educate.

The Mother Abbess perceived that the mind of the Father Confessor was occupied and even depressed, and it could not escape her feminine perspicuity; she reproached him in a good humored manner, "that since Sister Isabella had been transported into another (harem which she called) convent; his lips had been pale, his countenance gloomy and his conversation less attractive,"

which he received in a facetious manner, and disposed of the subject in the most pleasant way.

But in his heart he felt differently, he foresaw the approach of the tempest, and dreaded the storm, which would surely break over his head. He knew that Eng-hand was in the possession of all his former history and domestic affairs, who was also his *socius* in the city of Rome, and came with him to America; and though Eng-hand, as the reader will recollect was dead, he, as a Jesuit, was aware that a faithful record of the lives, united with their general confession (which each novice is obliged to make before he takes the vow of obedience to the General) are preserved in the secret annals of the society; which every provincial possesses of all his subjects, wherever they may be sent.

To that, another excruciating thought was added; Where is Sister Isabella? What will become of her? He knew that she would be severely punished for the act of seeking her liberty, which the priests consider audacious, and an outrage committed against the Order, which the church punishes as a sacrilegious crime. He was well aware, that her noble birth and virtue would avail nothing, but that she would be treated as a criminal, much more so, as she had disposed of half of her patrimony to the Convent "where she shall choose to live and die." Her sacrilegious crime of leaving the Convent, deprived her of the choice, and with regard to her living in the Convent, they would soon try to shorten it, and make an end of it as soon as possible, in order that they might appropriate the whole of her fortune. The plea of madness was only a pretext to throw dust in the eyes of protestants, to escape the hand of justice in order to better secure the victim.

Things were not so mathematically arranged and logically concluded in the mind of his lordship, the protector of all the female prisons of the Pope of Rome in America. He could not comprehend, why Sister Isabella attempted to escape from the Convent. For love to Father

Amato it could not have been, for what could she have gained by it? If she really loved him, (as he suspected) why separate from him? He concluded for certain that Father Amato was innocent of the whole transaction for he would have prevented it, being against his own interest. He came to the conclusion that the Mother Abbess was the cause of the whole scandal, and determined to revenge himself on her, as he was persuaded, that it was envy, hatred, and malicious persecution of the Abbess, which the noble hearted Italian nun could not endure, that compelled her to take such a dangerous step.

In the meantime, while the superiors of these papal haunts were of different opinions, and feelings, and came to different conclusions in their reasonings, different transactions and incidents occurred in other places of a similar character; and poor Isabella, who had never been accustomed to labour, she was condemned to hard labour in the Convent to expiate the crime of desiring liberty; she was placed to (exercise humility) under the lay sister cook, the lowest, the hardest, and most humiliating situation in the Convent; a situation which usually is occupied by a hardened, country cow girl; this was done to break her heart, and to break down her constitution also, and to despatch her the sooner to the grave.

The Mother Abbess received a letter from the other charitable and pious Mother Abbess, under whose care the poor Sister Isabella was imprisoned, and where she was more cruelly treated than any of the convicts in our jails, she reported how weak she had become, hoping that she would soon go into another world, and expiate the rest of her sacrilegious sins in purgatory.

As soon as the letter was received, the Sister Porter was despatched through the rat hole to the Father Confessor, to give him also the good news, which had been received, inviting him to come to the Mother Abbess and read the letter.

If it was done to exasperate, or to see what impression it would make upon him, or if it was only a usual pettish habit to dish every little incident, which transpires before

the director can be decided, it is enough that such is the case in nunneries.

Father Amato not master of himself at that time, under such circumstances, could not suppress his indignation in the presence of the Mother Abbess, and the other nuns. He said that "He would write to the Father General at Rome; and to her relations to revenge her innocent blood; of the injustice done in these places." And in his rage, he unknowingly spoke like a protestant. But soon he recovered and made his excuses in the best manner he could, for having felt like a man and an American. Being very late in the evening, he left the Convent through the rat hole, and threw himself upon his couch.

Sleep left his eyes, he was too unfortunate to be blest with rest, he arose and walked up and down in his room, laid down again, and again he arose, meditating, planning, but without any result. The morning came in as a messenger of sorrow, it threw its dim rays into the sufferer's chamber, he had scarcely time to prepare to go to the chapel of the nunnery, to say his mass, when a messenger from his lordship brought a letter, in which he announced to him, that he was suspended from all his ecclesiastical functions until his case should be inquired into. The same messenger left his house and rung the bell of the Convent, and reached a letter through the small aperture, or window in the door, which the Sister Porter opened for the purpose of receiving it.

At first Father Amato could scarcely believe his own eyes, but after a calm and quiet review of the letter, he began to see, and to feel his situation. He suspected the Mother Abbess of treachery, but he could not see what object she could have in view. He at times became mad, quite frantic, that the Holy Mother Abbess should have such a black heart as to deal with him as she had done with the red-haired Irish confessor; there remained no doubt in his mind, that for the sake of a change, she would prefer a confessor with blue eyes again.

It is usual very usual to change the directors, or confessors of nunneries, as if by directing for a space of

time, the consciences of the nuns, the director himself loses his conscience, and by confessing for a length of time the sins of these holy nuns, these unmarried confessors, become such sinners, that they are no more fit to enter even nunneries.

He suspected also, that some of the nuns were scandalized by his protestant views, which he had expressed the evening before. But to be suspended until the case was disposed of, was an enigma which he was unable to solve; at all events he thought he would speak with the Mother Abbess, as if nothing had occurred, to verify his suspicions. He arose and passed through the rat hole, but when he came to the other end of the subterranean walk, he found the door bolted. He came back and tried to pass through the small garden gate, a little door which serves for certain purposes, (the father confessors of these holy places well know it) and the bolt was on that door also; He then as a matter of necessity entered the large portico, rung the bell, and the Sister Porter refused him admission, alleging (under her smooth hypocritical manner,) "that she had received from the Mother Abbess these instructions, which he knew she must faithfully execute."

After such treatment, and the defeat of his project, he doubted not for a moment, that the Abbess was the centre and the circle of the iniquitous work, and determined to revenge himself and Sister Isabella, on that wretched Abbess, and ruin her at whatever cost. Nothing is more terrible than priestly vengeance; the Author has to his chagrin experienced it for many years, and is experiencing it daily, even upon American soil.

The Mother Abbess on the contrary was thunder-struck, when she received a letter from His Lordship in which she was informed: "That Father Amato was suspended from all his ecclesiastical functions, that the doors of the Convent must be closed against him. Nothing but an entire confession, deep repentance, and a long and severe penance, could restore him to the favour of the church."

The Mother Abbess who felt her guilt, lost her and her heart sunk ; dejection and despair was upon her face, she thought that some of the nuns played the spy, and reported in secret, against her fidelity with the young Italian confessor.

A woman who has been seduced by corrupt men, lured by false promises and worldly prospects ; a man who through misery has been compelled to seduce himself in order to save her life ; a woman who has been seduced to commit suicide of her innocence and honor for the sake of a frivolous gain, or has been seduced by a bad example of society, and the toleration of immoral laws, always retains some sparks of virtue in her bosom. Misery easily affects her heart, for her heart was corrupted by misery. Treachery is odious to her eyes, she can feel for those creatures, who have fallen by the treacherous arrow of corrupt society, for treachery has been the cause of her fall. If a man of goodness and piety, address himself to her, her heart full of gratitude, her eyes overflow for joy, that a kind voice has reached her ears, that virtue and piety have not passed unnoticed, though she possesses neither ; and nothing would be easier for a well organized society, especially through the influence and exertion of female virtue and religion, to bring the sex back to the paths of social duties, and under the regenerating influence of Evangelical Religion. But the heart of a nun is too corrupt to feel as a virtuous woman should ; she has a confessor, who forgives her sins ; she has chances, to expiate for her former transgressions, and courage her to return to the old path, which leads to destruction. A nun who is directed by a corrupt and sensual minded Father Director under the garb of religion, is worse than a fallen woman in a low brothel ; she finds it difficult to be restored to social duties, than the creatures of fallen men, for the latter sees the corruption in her deceiver's acts, but the nun sees no religious deceiver's corruption.

So it was with the Mother Abbess, her oppressor

mind was not derived from a penitent heart and sorrowful spirit, for having sinned against God, and ruined the soul of a young priest, who ought to have been devoted to the service of the Lord; but for fear that a nun had played the spy, and secretly reported her familiarity with the confessor; for fear that her guilt would be known to His Lordship, was the whole trouble which occupied her mind. Her suspicions were not unfounded, for it had already been reported to His Lordship, and complaint entered of the conduct of the Holy Mother Abbess; but as His Lordship was in the same predicament in visiting too frequently the Italian Sister Isabella, he was obliged to wink at the corruptions of the Mother Abbess or lose his own character.

It is usual among the nuns, as well as among the Jesuits, to play the spy against each other, which is very meritorious in the eyes of Holy Mother; and the greater the ruin of the neighbour, the greater the indulgence which the informant obtains.

At the first impulse the Mother Abbess resolved to assemble the nuns, and enquire about the subject; but at the second thought, she relinquished that idea as a bad policy, and confided rather to the Sister Porter the whole matter, and asked for her wise council; knowing that she was an old wretch, and accustomed to intrigues, as all porters of nunneries are. She showed her the letter of His Lordship.

The Sister Porter immediately (as it is to be expected) assumed an air of importance, and told her, "that if she would follow her council, she would have nothing to be afraid of. The Turnkey Sister reasoned according to the true principle of Holy Mother Church. "From the letter of His Lordship," said she, "it is evident, that Father Amato has already confessed his crimes; but it is supposed, that he has not told all; this is the reason that his Lordship wrote the word 'entire confession.' All we have to do is to lower his character, and if possible, entirely destroy it; so that neither his occupation, nor his confession, will be received as valid. I shall lay com-

plaints against him, as if I had seen him enter the cell of Sister Isabella, at night time, when all the nuns had retired to their cells; and in reality, I can swear by the most holy crucifix, and blessed Virgin Mary, that I have seen him enter at night-time into Sister Isabella's cell when she was ill; but I have not to tell the latter part. I can equally swear by Saint Antonio, and all the other Saints, that he gave me letters to carry into the Convent, to you Most Rev. Mother, but I have not to say to whom, and if I should be pressed, I shall make a conscientious case of it, to save your Reverence. In that way his accusation will not be considered as valid."

That is precisely the mode of acting in the Church of Rome. If a papist by the grace of God, is converted from the errors of the Church of Rome, and leaves her and dares only to write one line against Old Mother, his statements are never contradicted, or confuted, but his character is slandered, and torn down, with all the might and cunningness of the Society of Loyola; and when they have succeeded, they then cry out, "He is a liar," without stating what falsehoods he is guilty of either spoken or written; the fact, that he is a heretic, is sufficient to be worthy of being under the weight of calumny, if he cannot be secured in a prison of the inquisition.

The Sister Porter being a faithful daughter of such a mother, acted precisely according to the general principles of her church, and being in possession of the secret of her Mother Superior, she profited by it, and with an arrogance as if she had been the Superior, and the Abbess the subaltern. She said "write what I will dictate, and through the assistance of the ever blessed Virgin Mary, we shall ruin the Italian Father." The Mother Abbess was not entirely persuaded of the expediency of the ruination of a man, whom she loved, without any farther reason, than of the Sister Porter's logic; and objected in an humble manner to the Sister Porter's dictation.

Sister Porters are generally the theologians of the nunneries; they are the oldest in age and corruption.

have all their time to themselves, and read all the lives of the saints in the almanac, and also read some casuists about the venal and mortal sins: concerning the remote and proximate causes of sin: and of the *sufficientia confessandi materia* that is to say, a penitent must have a sufficient quantity of sin stored up in his heart for confession. In case there is not *materia sufficientia*, the confessor must take good care to teach the penitent how to sin, or make her sin in *acto ipse*, (in the very act of confessing) in order that the sacrament should be valid. All these learned things the worthy Sister Porter knew, therefore it is no wonder that she continued in the following learned strain.

"That Father Amato has confessed his sins there is no doubt, for the letter states it, though he may not have confessed all, or it may be that he has not said, who the proximate cause was. That he is suspended on that ground, and must do penance for it, is equally clear from the letter of his Lordship. Now is it not better for you to make a partial acknowledgement in order that the Saint of our Holy Order may be gracious unto you, and your pardon surer by his Lordship; the Virgin Mary, and the Holy Mother Church."

"Sister, (replied the Mother Abbess in a convulsive state without knowing what she was saying) I shall die with pain! I am the cause of Father Amato's misfortune! I who have been the proximate cause—shall I accuse and ruin him? He! who I cannot efface from my memory, and then involve myself also? No! That counsel sister, is more tiger-like, than womanly. It is beneath the dignity of a well-educated woman; to revenge, even if he were a traitor; a woman must despise such a man, but not hate, much less be revenged on him."

The Sister Porter fixing her cunning little eyes upon the Most Rev. Mother Abbess, from whose lips she heard the confession of her guilt, with an ironical smile, said, "Most Rev. Mother Abbess, educated women have equally their passions, they revenge as well as love. But

you do not understand me, neither the case in question, nor your own heart. We nuns have all the same hearts, St. Jerome says 'We are all of like passions.' All the nuns prefer a young confessor to an old one; our consciences are better directed by a young confessor, than by an old one; (then the old wretch with a devilish smile added) the prettier the confessor, the better the nuns' consciences like him; is it not so Most Rev. Mother Abbess? The question is not who is the guilty one; but to show that you are not guilty. It is not the first case in which I have assisted to prevent scandal. Since I served the Lord, your predecessor, that holy lady, who is now surely in heaven, for she died with all the sacraments, even matrimony not excepted, for she was a married woman, and separated from her husband for the sole reason that she wished to serve the Lord in a retreat; and when she became an Abbess, she favoured a little too much the assistant confessor; that holy woman was persecuted by the director, but I saved both, and what a fine young Frenchman the assistant was, and as polite as an angel."

The Mother Abbess interrupted her, otherways she would have recounted at least five hundred parallel cases which had occurred since, as she said, she had served the Lord. Being herself lectured by a porter, she bit her tongue for anger, her breast swelled, and respiration ceased for a moment, but soon she recovered, feeling that she had committed herself, said, "I thank you dear Sister Hyacintha, I will write to his Lordship, but you must (added she with a smile and in a confidential manner) Hyacintha, you must allow me to write my own ideas, and words. Go child, I shall make all right." Then she gave her the sign, and the Sister Porter left the room. In fact she sat down immediately and wrote the following lines.

"*My Lord*:—Your humble daughter in the service of our Holy Society, has received your instructions, and was not surprised at such rigorous orders, for strong diseases require strong remedies. Father Amato demanded

admission into the Convent, and tried all means to gain it, but in obedience to the instructions of my lord, it has been denied unto him. Imploring the benediction, I have the honour to be,

“Your humble daughter,
“BEATA.”

During the time the council was being held in the Convent between the Mother Abbess and the learned Sister Porter, the former meditated what and how she should write to his Lordship without compromising herself, a revolution was also going on in the heart of Father Amato, who resolved to throw off the sultan, and rescue the Sister Isabella at all risks. If personal efforts should fail, he was determined to try legal means, and if both should be ineffectual, to appeal to the noble hearted American people: a powerful agency, which never fails and always triumphs. As soon as that thought had been conceived, the feelings so long compressed received their primitive elasticity, the mind so long obscured became brightened, and the thoughts so long concealed were relieved, in one word, he became again a man.

It is wonderful how one single thought can revolutionize fifty years prejudices, and destroy long contracted habits; how one thought can turn the long premeditated destiny of man, and give another course to his movements, and other directions to his course. The sole idea to become a protestant, renovates the palsied limbs, deadened by the Roman hierarchy; it raises the oppressed from the yoke of Rome, and restores man to society. With these feelings he took the pen and directed the following letter to his Lordship.

“My Lord—Your letter was duly received, it gave a new impetus to my energies, and life to my deadened conscience. I am a man again, and a free one. You inform me that I am suspended until my case shall be enquired into.” I will spare you the trouble of the inquiry, for I am no longer under the jurisdiction of Rome. I am an American. You speak of suspension: Who sus-

pended me? By what authority I ask? The Pope's? He is too insignificant, too little. You my Lord, and your Holy Father, Gregory XVI., are no more considered, no more respected in the United States, than the fly on the horn of the noble bull in the fable.

"All I wish is the liberty of Sister Isabella from your holy dungeon. I claim it as once her countryman, now as an American citizen. I demand it in the name of justice and of oppressed innocence. You are ignorant of both, and inimical to all that bears the stamp of them.

"My intention is neither to reveal the horrors of these female nests, nor to threaten the revolution of them. All I wish is the liberty of the Italian nun, of which you are the accuser, jailor, and executioner.

"The Mother Abbess may have become tired of me, as she was of the red-haired Irish confessor; but I have the satisfaction of having purified the Convent of many abuses and immoral practices, though I am sorry to say, I have not lived myself that pure life, which I ought to have done. I do not seek to clear myself, quite the contrary.

"Sir, being a republican citizen, I do not use the word my Lord any more; I leave it to those vile and abject serfs, under the absolute despotism of the Roman hierarchy.

"Your obedient servant,
"A. RICCI."

From the tenor of this letter, the reader will at once perceive the divine influence of protestantism. The seed of protestantism is scarcely conceived, when the spirit of Jesuitism flies like the phantom at the dawning day. Protestantism and Jesuitism are antipodes.

A Jesuit in the garb of protestantism is an anomaly, which in the strict sense of the word cannot be described. He must advocate religious liberty, which is anti-jesuitical; promote the progress of Evangelical knowledge, which is destructive to the whole papal system; raise the standard of denomination as well as personal indepen-

dence, which destroys at once the whole bulwark of papal aggrandizement. How to conceive men with such contradictory views and destructive to their own interests and principles is unconceivable; and yet they exist under various forms in America.

Some advocate popery under the mask of liberty of conscience, and as soon as a hair of the Pope's head is touched, or his influence checked, they cry, "religious persecution." If the priests proselyte our sons, debauch our daughters, they immediately say, "religious liberty." If the ballot box is polluted, American citizens traduced, and even persecuted by the Irish Roman Catholics, these secular Jesuits advocate "political liberty for all," the Pope of Rome not excepted. If a nun escapes, or a shade of suspicion arises in the mind of a citizen of the cruelties, immoralities, and anti-republican conduct of the Pope's emissaries in these secret haunts, or papal dungeons, the cry of "non interference" is loudly heard, and the best of all citizens are stigmatized as rebellious to the laws and country. If an election is nigh, voters must be procured, and the surest are the Irish papists, who are easily gained with grog, money and offices. These are the coadjutors of Jesuitism, or properly termed Jesuits in the garb of Protestantism.

Another and a powerful agent is the advocate of an amphibious theological doctrine, which can be either Protestant or Papal, or is neither the one nor the other, known under the name of Puseyism and Rationalism.

The reader can easily imagine, that the letter of the ex-Jesuit, had not a little surprised His Lordship of the Holy Roman Harem. Instead of a penitent, servile, submissive letter, he received an independent Protestant one. At the same time, the confession relating to the criminal conduct of the Holy Mother Abbess, was not unwelcome, as His Lordship had determined for a long time her suspension and ruin, waiting only for an opportunity to disgrace her. To incur a priest's displeasure, especially of a priestly superior, is terrible. The sweeping hurricane is not more awful, the raging flames are not

more destructive, and death itself is not more fatal than the vengeance of a Roman priest.

CHAP. XVIII.

CHARGE TO THE MISSIONARIES AND SUFFRAGANS OF THE POPE.

The *Suffragans* of all the Mission Stations in the United States being assembled to receive their instructions, Father Huges the Provincial in the chair, addressed the assembly in the following strain :

“ Fathers and companions in the great warfare against *Protestantism* and *Liberty*, the common enemies of our holy society ! I hail you with all my heart ! This evening I address myself to you, not as a Superior who has authority, but as a companion in the battle field, who is ready to share with you the opprobrium as well as the glory, the triumph or death.

“ We are no longer in the middle ages, but in the century of labor ! The age of practice has been substituted for that of theory ! To kill an enemy is no victory any more, but to compel him to become a friend, that is triumph ! To save the vanquished for his own destruction, and the conqueror’s benefit, that is victory ! The time when a Pope could say ; ‘ It is my duty to pull down the pride of Kings, and let Emperors wait before the gate of my palace,’ is past. Kings will no longer lead the Pope’s horses by the bridles like valets ; Princes will not submit any longer to the penance of the Pope’s delegate. The power of Rome is weakened, the thunders of the Vatican silenced, and the spiritual influence of Rome lessened, if not entirely lost. Our weapons must be of a higher cast, a sublimer order ; we must be (as the world says) **JESUITS**.

“ The political interest of Rome ; the cause of Christ ; the prosperity of the society of Jesus ; and the glory of

God, requires that we should lay aside all other considerations and be Jesuits. We have vacillated long enough in our movements, and temperized in our actions; now we are at the Rubicon. We are standing at the edge of the horrible gulf. Let us not look down, and the distance between the design and the execution, the intention and the act, will not be so immeasurably wide, and the passage not so difficult. Let the murderer, who for *self-interest* steals upon his victim, with a sort of eager appetite, pause ere the fatal act is irreversibly done. We as Jesuits act not for ourselves, not by a stimulus of self-interest, we are directed by the invisible, but wise and skilful hand of the Superior, who cannot err. If wrong we are not guilty, if right, (as it is) the instrument has no other merit, than that of having obeyed.^(a) We are Jesuits. We have not to think, but to strike; not to ask why, but to execute for the greater glory of God.

"You are already acquainted with the triumph of our glorious cause on the School Question in New York. You have read of the salutary influence, which the Catholic cause had upon the Legislative body of that State. You see the triumphant demonstrations and daily enthusiasm of the Repeal cause in the whole Union. You can scarcely number the thousands of dollars, which are sent to the beloved land of our birth, and through the medium of our faithful brother, Daniel O'Connell, flows into the treasury of our holy Society. You see men of influence countenance them with words and acts, and send large sums for the support of our holy cause; an example which is followed by thousands and tens of thousands of Protestants of wealth and weight, who, by their activity and money promote our Repeal movements in America, and the Holy Catholic and Apostolic church in Ireland.

"Great as the triumph may be, we are as yet at the beginning of the work, there is a viper in the heart of our community, which poisons not only the Catholics, but lays as a rampart around Protestantism, and prevents

(a) "Soli Domino, atque Romano Pontifici ejus terris Vicario servira."—Bull of Paul III, 1540.

that general usefulness of our Missionary operations. That viper is the BIBLE, which must be banished from all the schools of the Union. We have partially obtained the end in the city of New York; Philadelphia must now be the place of attack, it must be the battle field. We have through the assistance of St. Ignatius Loyola, friends enough in that city among all classes, who will espouse our holy cause, and promote it, if not defend it with all their skill and power. If we triumph in Philadelphia, the victory of the *land* is ours. The best time will be before the Presidential election, where the political parties magnify every little incident into a monster, and the greatest event, which does not promote their political end, they overlook as an every day incident, this will be the most propitious time for the blow.

"I leave the management to you, who are directly connected with our stations.

"The means which we must employ in our political warfare are not the ordinary, they must be the invisible, unknown by Protestants and unfelt by Roman Catholics.

"1st, Is the women. You must not only be the confessors of the wives of Roman Catholics, but their Directors. Their daughters must not only be your penitents, but be educated in our female houses, and governed by our discipline. Your invisible power must be felt by the husband, the father, and the son. If the wisdom of the church has deprived us of family comforts, it has not shut us out of the families as directors of their consciences.

"Women though their mental faculties are generally in conformity with their physical strength, they readily embrace any principle, which has even the shadow of truth. They must think as we do, speak and act as we direct.

"2ndly. Our *Sisters of Charity*, and the Coadjutors, must spend a great part of their time at the hospitals. An act of kindness at the sick bed, is indelible in the heart and mind of the sufferer. You may be sure, that

you will obtain the possession of the whole heart, as soon as you have the body. Our spiritual possession is imperfect except we possess the body too. As soon as our conquest is thus completed, it ceases to be spiritual, and we are masters over the mind, the conscience and the body. Persons gained under such circumstances, are always faithful, and become the best defenders of our holy cause.

"3dly. *Orphan Asylums* and other charitable institutions will give us a *triple* advantage. We gain Protestant children to our holy faith, and obtain the sympathy and friendship of their relations, and when these orphans grow up, they are our best defenders and Missionaries among their surviving relations.

"Usurpation conferred rights in the middle ages, but in the nineteenth century, charity binds the heart; benevolence conquers the mind, and takes possession of the body.

"The American Republic must ultimately fall into our hand. I say it must; for the American politicians have no other support than the ballot box. Their auxiliaries to get the votes, are party stratagems, grog, and self interest. But we act on the principle of love: gain their hearts, bind their affections, conquer Protestants' prejudices by benevolence and kindness, and they will not only vote for us, but fight for our holy interest as if it was their own.

"4th. Money is a powerful agency in America. The corrupt political parties, are generally, with few exceptions, self interested men. They move by interest, and aim at nothing but interest.

"Nobility is anti-republican. Virtue is respected, but must languish, otherwise it ceases to be virtue. Money nobilitates. Every thing is local, and liable to change. Money is almighty with politicians, it is the centre of all their efforts, and supplies the deficiency of virtue. Money is a popular machine, and it is never out of order. When I say money, I do not mean that we should squander our own; but make them give freely, to pro-

mote our cause, if they wish that their own should advance.

5th "The confessional is the most efficacious means to fix the number of voters, which we can muster for our party. Let no absolution be given to any one who will not vote for the advancement of the church. He who is not for us is against us.

6th "The servants, especially those who are in protestant families, are to be directed with great care, in order that they may the more strictly observe their religious duties, as they must give an account in the confessional of all that they hear and see in the protestant families.

"In the hope that you will strictly observe the orders given you, I charge each of you to send a weekly report of all proceedings under your charge, and if required, a semi-weekly one."

It is to be feared that Roman Catholic servants are spies in protestant houses, and are under the direction, and even disposal of the priest and in time of urgency, the Pope's executors of criminal designs in our own houses. Priest Hogan argues thus, "that even the children of protestants cannot be entrusted to them.

The proselyting spirit of Rome, the cunning intrigues under the garb of benevolence and religion is a matter of history; daily experience testifies that nuns and priests creep into our hospitals and families, and coax protestant children into their asylums. The confessionals, nunneries, and over all, the audacious papal press, in the Protestant American Republic, are sufficient proofs, that the political charge of the Provincial of the Jesuits in America, is not a chimera, not an invented story, as the Roman priests will say, but history, matters of fact, daily events, incontrovertable occurrences in all our communities in the United States.

CHAP. XIX.

NATIVE AMERICAN MOVEMENT IN A NUNNERY.

As soon as order had been again restored, his Lordship of all the Roman prisons in America, visited the Convent, and in a hypocritical way congratulated the Most Rev. Mother Abbess, on the good care, order and discipline she kept in the nunnery. Hypocrisy and dissimulation are characteristic of a Roman priest, consequently it cost him not much of a sacrifice to play his part. As holy nuns are such sinners that they absolutely cannot be a week without a confessor, his Lordship immediately appointed one in the place of Father Ricci. If the numerous sins of these holy nuns are sins of omission or commission, if they are mortal or venial, the Jesuits and Roman priests who are so numerous in the country, will kindly explain to the public.

The Holy Mother Abbess on her part, was soon reconciled to the loss she had sustained by the suspension of the Italian friar. The new director was a corpulent friar-like Irish priest; tall, quite athletic, able to quell a rail-road mob of Irish Catholics, and much better qualified to keep holy women in good order; this was a sufficient recompense for the black eyes and Italian gallantry of the former Father Jesuit.

All appeared quiet. The nuns began to practice their usual virtues, frequenting the confessional, chaunting in the choir, chatting, back-biting, and intriguing, passing from time to time through the rat hole to get the blessing, from the new confessor; some times they were too indolent to go themselves for it, and got an hysterical attack, and the confessor was obliged to bring the blessing with him. In one word, they continued to pursue their usual life as nuns do; when all at once a letter was recived by the Mother Abbess, informing her "that an inspection of the nunnery would on such a day take place.

The Convent was washed and scraped; the nuns all trimmed up; the Mother Abbess in pontificals, surrounded

by the whole flock, the number consisting of twenty-one, the Italian Isabella having been transported, for the heinous crime of loving liberty. All were in the greatest expectation to meet the holy apostolical commission.

The bell rung and announced the arrival of the holy inspectors. The nuns two by two in procession, followed by the Mother Abbess with the mitre on her head, the pastoral in the right hand and an elegant white handkerchief in the left, approached the large portico to welcome them. They assembled (as is usually the custom under such circumstances) in the chapel, where an anthem is sung, a Latin prayer read, and a litany said, after which, they usually retire into the parlour of the Convent, to partake of some glasses of wine, French brandy, and pastry manufactured by the hands of the holy nuns; and when nearly all are drunk, then the holy inspection is over, the commissioners disperse, some stagger about the Convent, and are glad to take rest in some vacant cell, others who are unfit to ramble about, are usually packed into a carriage and sent home. But this time his Lordship instructed the holy commissioners to proceed differently from the usual mode of inspecting Convents. His anger against the Mother Abbess, his hatred against that prelate in petticoats; the vengeance which he swore against her, could no longer be suspended, but must break over her head.

After the company had returned from the chapel, the Mother Abbess invited them into the refectory, where a long table overloaded with delicious dishes, and bottles with exquisite liquors, decorated the saloon. But the Diocesan Vicar (according to the instructions of his Lordship) informed the Most Rev. Mother Abbess, that the inspection had not yet begun, and that all the sisters should retire, until they were called for, one by one before the ecclesiastical commissission. They accordingly retired. The Mother Abbess took her place in the council, as she thought that the dignity of a superior gave a right to be present in the inspection, but the Father Vicar politely requested her to withdraw during the time that the

sisters were examined, which she refused to obey and the following dialogue ensued :

Abbess. "Rev. Father Vicar ! I am the Superior of the Convent, nothing passes in the house without my knowledge ; it is but just that I should be present, to correct statements, if not correctly made ; moreover I have a right, an ecclesiastical right to do so."

Vicar. "Most Rev. Mother Abbess, it is but just that I should inform you, that this commission is to enquire more into the moral character of the Mother Abbess, than into the conduct of the sisters."

It is not necessary to remark, that the Abbess understood at once the whole transaction, and fixed her stern eye upon the new confessor, as an indication of suspicion, which she entertained against his secrecy, and as an accusation of treachery, violation of sacerdotal confidence, and sacrilegious breach of the penitential and sacramental seal. She felt her foolishness for having confessed to him all her former transgressions, and of having unburthened her heart of all the iniquitous deeds committed under the former confessor's spiritual guidance ! She felt that there was no confidence to be placed in the secrecy of the confessional, when it suits the priest's purpose. All these thoughts passed through her mind with the rapidity of lightning. Then she drew her stout and masculine person up, her bosom visibly swelled with a womanly pride and feminine dignity, replied :

"Most Rev. Father Vicar ! I respect you as my ecclesiastical superior, I venerate you as a member of the holy Society of Jesus. But I have the honor to inform you, that I am an American woman, and as your reverence is a foreigner, not long enough in this, my native land, to know the laws of it, I take the liberty to remind you, that my country admits of no inquisition. If I am the criminal, the witnesses ought to be examined in my presence. This is the law of my country. I am a nun under a religious discipline, but no discipline can be formed that is in conflict with the laws of America. I

insist therefore, to be present at the inquiry into my case."

The Abbess had no alternative, she must either submit, and be a victim of tyranny and oppression, or claim her national rights as an American woman.

The Vicar in a calm and reflective manner replied :

"Most Rev. Mother Abbess, whether I am acquainted with the laws of your country or not, is by no means the point in question; I have instructions and orders to execute. I take the liberty to ask you if you will submit to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the ordinary of the Diocese, under whose protection the Convent is, or not?"

A. "I am willing to submit to any jurisdiction that is not contrary to the laws of my country. With regard to your instructions, I would respectfully ask, what are they? Who are my accusers, and of what am I accused? With regard to the appeal to the laws of my native country, I do nothing more than the Apostle Paul did, when he was unjustly accused, he claimed the right of a Roman."

V. "The Apostle Paul was standing before a heathen judge, and accused by heathen witnesses. The case is not a parallel one. We are an ecclesiastical tribunal; the accusers are christians, and the witnesses are sisters. As the Mother Abbess does not recognize us as lawful, according to the American laws, we shall with due respect withdraw, and lay it before a higher authority for ulterior decision."

They then arose and left the Convent.

Before we advance in our narrative, we must acquaint the reader with the mode of proceeding in the ecclesiastical tribunals in the city of Rome under the name of the Holy Inquisition. When a man is accused of heresy in the city of Rome, his case proceeds without his knowledge; witnesses are examined, if there are any, without his knowing them; generally the accuser is also a witness; the sentence of incarceration, and even death is pronounced, and the accused is ignorant of it until the

satellites of the inquisition come at night time, and drag him from the bosom of his wife and the arms of his children, from his peaceable fire-side, into the dungeon of the inquisition.

After this ecclesiastical tribunal had left the Convent, the Mother Abbess retired into her apartment, overcome by her feelings she burst into tears, and became sensible of her real position. She was again a woman. Remorse was felt in her heart without acceptance by God. Her sins, the ruin of Father Amato, the treachery of the new confessor, the oppression of the corrupt protector of the Order, all these crowded upon her mind, and nearly broke her heart.

In the Convent was a young protestant lady who had brought a Bible with her in her trunk, which the Mother Abbess had taken from her to prevent her reading it; when the Mother Abbess was in this hopeless state of mind and agonizing condition, she mechanically stretched her hand out for her prayer book, but she got the Bible from the shelf, and the first words her eyes fell upon, when she opened the book, were those of the Saviour to the woman: "Go and sin no more." She read the whole parable, and hope dawned upon her hopeless heart. Like the adulterous woman, she felt herself guilty, and penitent, and like a Magdalen, threw herself at the feet of her Saviour, and poured out her sorrowful heart.

A knock was heard at the door, but she was deaf to it, the door was slowly opened, but she did not see it, the door was again shut, the hinges loudly creaked, but she was too absorbed with heaven to hear what was going on upon the earth. It was the viper of the Convent, the theologian of the nuns, and the cruel friend, it was the Sister Porter, who was listening at the door; she heard all and imagined more. She knocked louder and louder, and when it was heard by the Abbess, she immediately composed herself, and suppressed her feelings, so that her exterior became calmer, and her heart more tranquil.

Hers was an internal agony, like the burning of a volcano in the bosom of the earth.

The Abbess turning her face towards the door, beheld the Sister Porter, she rose and threw her arms around her neck, while the eruption of her feelings were renewed.

"What is the matter most Rev. Mother Abbess," exclaimed the Sister Porter.

The Abbess could not answer, the sobs and the throbbing of her heart deprived her of the faculty of speech. She could only weep, and feel her sins; she pressed her to her troubled heart with convulsive efforts, like the last struggles of a drowning man, as if all her terrestrial hope were concentrated in her alone.

"What is the matter, tell me?" repeated the Sister Porter.

A. "O! my dear friend I am lost! I am a sinner and a victim of the Irish iniquity."

P. "I do not understand you! What is it, explain yourself?"

A. "You know all I did and felt, when Father Ricci was our confessor, the Lord knows that I do sincerely repent of the evil I have done. I confessed to our new Irish confessor, and he broke the seal of sacramental secrecy. You understand now the reason of the inspection; they wished to examine the sisters in my absence, to which I refused to submit, alleging that I was an American woman, and that these proceedings were contrary to the laws of my country."

P. "That was wise, quite new to me, and without doubt, also to those Rev. gentlemen. We are American women; it never occurred to me that I too am an American woman, I will save you."

A. "How, and in what manner?"

P. "For my part, I will not submit to the insolence of these foreign despots. Our priests and confessors are all foreigners, and we were all born in the land of the brave; we are the natives of the soil, and will resist that viper, foreign tyranny."

"Do as you like," said the Abbess, smiting her breast and exclaiming, "Have mercy upon me a miserable sinner."

She then retired into her cell, and, prayed fervently for the forgiveness of her sins to the Lord Jesus Christ, and without a confessor and human absolution, she found peace with God, and was absolved by the court of heaven, she felt happy in Christ, and resigned to all that might happen. In one word, she became converted, and for the first time she felt how good it was to be a christian.

The old Sister Porter like a real political demagogue, went from cell to cell, recounting the sacrilegious act of the new Irish confessor, and that the Mother Abbess boldly refused to submit to that indiscreet act; claiming the right of American laws, she being an American woman.

That old viper excited the nuns, showing them the peril in which they stood, that the same injustice might be done to them, and that now was the time and opportunity to get rid of foreign influence, and priestly power.

In a single hour, that religious family became a political band: the nuns became intoxicated by the spirit of American liberty. "We are American women," was the watchword. "No tyranny," was the rallying word.

It was very natural, for nothing is more hateful in the eye of a woman, than the revelation of her secrets. Such an indiscretion is never pardoned, it is very heinous in the confessor, to reveal the secrets of the heart, the defects, transgressions, and false steps of a woman, who is penitent. It is no wonder, that the nuns raised the liberty cap.

At four o'clock, P. M., the confessor as usual arrived at the chapel to say *vesper* but he found no nuns in the choir. He directed his steps to the little door through the sacristy, and it was shut, he entered the rat hole, and the inner door of the secret communication was also bolted. He rang the bell at the front door, and the Sister Porter informed the priest, "that she had orders not to let a foreigner enter, being an American convent."

The Irish priest immediately wrote a letter to His Lordship, urging him to come immediately to the convent to prevent scandal. Then he threw a stole around his neck, which is the *regalia* of a confessor, taking a whip under his sutan, and a stick in his hand, he called on the gardener, (who is always a man of known piety, and whose business is, beside the keeping of the nuns' gardens in good order, to do also some out-door services, carrying some *billet-doux* for the holy sisters,) telling him to open the gate of the garden, otherwise he would excommunicate him immediately, raising at the same time his cane, to make him feel the effects of the excommunication, and the fruits of being a heretic.

The gardener unwilling to go to perdition, opened the gate, and the priest ran through the garden into the convent, drew his whip from under his sutan, thrashed the liberal nuns like sheaves, and dispersed the insurrection, as if it had been an Irish rail-road mob. The screams and threatenings of those American women in their religious habits, can easily be imagined. Cups and saucers, dishes and stools were used as arms of defence against the foreign oppressor.

The more cowardly nuns shut themselves into their cells after they had got a good lashing from the Irish priest; in one word, great as the confusion was, order was soon restored by the tangible gallantry of the Father Confessor with the stole around his neck.

At the same time the Father Confessor used the lash and cane to discipline poor American women, His Lordship, the representative made his appearance. The first query was,

"Where is the Mother Abbess?"

The priest in his fury had entirely forgotten her, and answered, "that he did not know where she was, not having seen her."

His Lordship immediately repaired to the apartment of the Abbess, where he found her calmly seated, having a Bible before her, reading these words; "what will it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his soul."

His Lordship scarcely beheld the book, when he was horror struck, and exclaimed,

"*She is a heretic.* This is the reason she spoke so independently to the holy Apostolical Commission," and left the room.

The Abbess remained calm. She was a true christian.

Though it was late in the evening, His Lordship ordered carriages to remove the Mother Abbess and the chief plotters of the American liberty loving women the same night, among whom was the Sister Porter.

To show the reader that such are the daily occurrences in convents; that the priests chain, flog, and chastise the nuns and transport them like criminals in the night time to avoid scandal, (I will not say the rigor of the law, for the law takes no cognizance of it,) to show that Irish priests tyrannize over American women, and keep them for their own wishes, I shall give a *parallel case*.

"On Monday night," says Dr. Breckenridge, (a) "after the escape of *Isabella Neal* the Carmelite nun, a carriage load of refractory nuns was privately removed under the cover of darkness; and on the following Wednesday night, the most frightful screams appeared to come from the convent, and that event *was followed by another secret removal of inmates*. Perhaps all the deranged and refractory will be pretty soon removed, and the secret places be sufficiently hidden to offer another examination of the premises by a picked committee. We shall see. It required many months to arrange the Canadian convents for a sham examination after the disclosures in regard to them. It may be done sooner here."

Another statement as a corroboration of the *cruelties* of these unmarried Irish priests perpetrated against American women, who are in these Popish haunts.

"STATEMENT.

"We whose names are subscribed hereto, declare and

(a) *Papism in the nineteenth century in the United States*, by Robert Breckenridge, D. D., p. 225.

certify, that on or about the — day of — 1835, about nine o'clock at night, as we were returning home from a meeting in the Methodist Protestant Church at the corner of Pitt and Asquith streets; and when opposite to the Carmelite convent and school in Asquith street our attention was suddenly arrested by a *loud scream issuing from the convent*. The sound was that of a female voice indicating great distress. We stopped and heard a second scream and then in quick succession accompanied with the cry 'HELP! HELP! HELP! OH! LORD! HELP!' with the appearance of great effort. After this, there was nothing more heard by us during the space of ten or fifteen minutes; we remained about that time on the pavement opposite the building from which the cries came.

"When cries were first heard, no light was visible in the fourth story, from which the cries seemed to issue. After the cries, lights appeared in the second and third stories, seeming to pass rapidly from place to place, indicating haste and confusion. Finally, all lights disappeared from the second and third stories and the house became quiet.

"No one passed along the street, where we were, while we stood there. But one of our party was a man, and he advanced in age; all the remainder of us were women. The watch was not set as some of us heard 9 o'clock cried before we got home.

"Many of us have freely spoken of these things since their occurrence. And now at the request of Messrs. B., C., and M., we give this statement which we solemnly declare to be true, and sign it with our names.

(Signed)

"John Bruscup;
Lavinia Brown,
Sophronia Bruscup,
Hannah Leach,
Sarah E. Backer,
Elizabeth Polk.

"*Baltimore, March 13th, 1835.*"

CERTIFICATE OF THE MINISTER.

"This is to certify that John Bruscup, Hannah Leach, Sophronia Bruceup, Lavinia Brown, and Sarah E. Backer, are acceptable members of the Methodist Protestant Church of Pitt street station.

(Signed) WILLIAM COLLIER, Superintendent.

"Baltimore, March 13th 1835.

Let the Roman priests and Italian Jesuits who direct, protect, and defend the nunneries, answer these charges, if they can. We wish to hear no declamation against the so called heretics, but let them open the Convents, allow the ingress and egress of every gentleman, as it is usual in every honest house, where there are no intrigues practised, no immorality to be found. Let these nuns, who are according to law, of age, enjoy the liberty to go in, or if they choose, to remain out of the Convent. Let the nuns confess in the church as other females do, and not in the Convent, where the holy Father Confessor may instruct his penitents with his hands, instead of his voice, then we shall believe them. Let these priests marry as other respectable and useful members of society do, and, and we shall have confidence in them.

Daughters of Columbia! Ye who are not under the lash of Roman priests; ye who are not chained by papal superstition, nor imprisoned under the key of these unmarried gentlemen, the Jesuits; arise! arise en masse! Prove yourselves worthy of the brave parents who gave you birth, of the milk of liberty with which you have been nursed. Supplicate the Legislators of your States, for the suppression of these vile haunts and corrupt nests for debauched priests. Your Legislators are Americans, they will respect your just requests. It is the voice of suffering humanity, which calls you to that act of duty, it is the love of virtue and America, which ought to spur you to the work. Arise! or your children will curse you to their graves.

CHAP. XX.

THE BIBLE IN PHILADELPHIA.

The emporium was conquered, the monumental city is (as the Pope of Rome calls it) American Rome. The west is thickly settled with papists, and the daily influx of papal subjects, leaves no doubt of the papal ascendancy in that vast and important part of the Union. The city of Botherly-love is yet the Bible city; but under the pretext of conscience, the Catholic Bible can easily be introduced, conquering the apathy and indifference of protestants.

The hatred to the Bible by the Roman priesthood is as great to-day as it was at the time of the Reformation. I have before me the *Bullarium Romanum*, and I will next give evidences of Rome's hatred to the Bible from the Council of Trent, and from the Bulls directed to the Bishops of this country in our own time. One by Pope Pius VII. in 1816, one by Leo XII. in 1824, another by Pius VIII. in 1829, and two by the present Pope Gregory XVI. in 1832 and 1844. It will be sufficient to give a short extract from the circularletter of Pius VII. in 1816, and from the Bull of the present Pope Gregory XVI.

"It is evident from experience, that the Holy Scriptures when circulated in the vulgar tongue, have through the temerity of men, produced more harm than benefit. Warn the people entrusted to your care, that they fall not into the snares prepared for their everlasting ruin."—Pius Septimus, Anno Domini, 1816.

Nothing but space prevents me from giving more copious extracts; I will therefore add only another brief extract from the Bull of the present Pope, in 1844.

"Moreover, we confirm and review the decrees recited above, delivered in former times by apostolic authority, against the publication, distribution, reading and pos-

session of books of the Holy Scriptures translated into the vulgar tongue.

"Given at Rome, from the Basilic of St. Peter on the eighth of May, 1844, and the fourteenth of our Pontificate.

(Signed)

"Gregory XVI. S. P."

Kensington, a district of the city of Philadelphia, is inhabited by a large number of Irish papists, and has been always a tumultuous part of the city. The committee of inquiry for the Criminal Court, has sufficiently enlightened the public of the peaceable conduct of the Irish papists of that district. Like the volcano, which burns underneath, unseen and unfelt, it gathers the combustible matter for the unexpected eruption, of a mine, where nothing but a spark is wanting for the explosion. Such is usually the character of these emissaries of papal Rome, wherever its soldiery are aggregated.

The cry, "The Bible has been excluded from the free schools at Kensington." was raised. True or false, just or unjust, no one enquired how, or by what authority? Still it was pleasing to hear the universal voice: "The Bible shall be our childrens' book." The protestant character was fully and gloriously displayed in the love of the Bible; the basis of the American Republic, and the superstruction of their civil and religious liberty. Meetings were held, enthusiastic speeches were made, and resolutions were passed; nothing else than the Bible was the common conversation, the Pope and America was the great topic of entertainment. Any man of good sense could have easily perceived, that Philadelphia was yet the place where Independence had been proclaimed, that the inhabitants were yet animated with the same heroic spirit of '76, and that her sons will never submit to any foreign Dictator, Pope, or King; and would rather die worthy of their ancestors, than live disgraced by a foreign dictation. The papists on their part, felt themselves strong, and as the strong always like to show their strength, they laughed at all those popular demonstrations

in favour of the Bible, and considered it a protestant farce.

The politicians, who are always on the look out for new materials, a fresh supply of means, and cutting instruments to work at the political forge, took hold of that circumstance, and manufactured a new political sect, which they styled "NATIVES," in opposition to the Irish papist (as they said,) as being foreigners. Then the Bible which was the cause of the movement, became nothing but a rallying point, like the hickory pole or the coonskin. The chief object, which was the Bible, has been entirely lost sight of, instead of which, the offices became the principal point of attraction. Now all at once, the battle-field was changed, the Jesuits had to fight with native political leaders, instead of the Bible advocates. The latter would have been a short war, and easily settled by these holy fathers; a jesuitical distinction between the Protestant and Catholic Bible would have shut the mouth of the wisest man in the Union. But the nice political distinction between Irish papists and American born citizens has not yet been settled by any of the casuists of the Holy Society of Ignatius Loyola. The matter has since that period continued to sustain a religious form, though in reality it is nothing more than a political strife.

MONDAY MAY 6, 1844.

The day was gloomy, heaven beclouded, as if insulted nature would have dressed in mourning, the air was hot and oppressive, as if the atmosphere would have participated in the popular volcano; as if the fire in the craters beneath our feet, would have conspired against the burning minds and inflamed imaginations of men. The *Native American Journal* contained the following invitation:

"NATIVE AMERICANS.

"The American Republicans of the city and county of Philadelphia, who are determined to support the *Native Americans* in their Constitutional rights of peaceably assembling to express their opinions on any questions of

Public policy, and *sustain them against the assaults of aliens and foreigners*, are requested to assemble on this afternoon, May 6th, 1844, at 4 o'clock, at the corner of Master and Second streets, Kensington, to express their indignation at the outrage on Friday evening last, and to take the necessary steps to prevent a repetition of it. Natives be punctual and resolve to sustain your rights as Americans, firmly, but moderately."

Placards of similar tenor were seen on the corners of the streets, and the meeting was accordingly organized at the given time and place. As an historian, I have nothing but to state impartially, the events as they occurred. The judges of our courts have wisely declared that act *wrong*, for the natives might have expected the opposition from the papists, which they met, and as the judge from the bench declares it wrong, I say wrong too, for his declaration is law to me. At the same time, I would very respectfully ask a question *pro bono publico*, as well as for my personal instruction. If an act can be *wrong* in a Protestant American, and the same act be *right* in a Roman Catholic citizen? If the meeting held on the 6th of May was wrong, and certainly it was wrong, because the judge decided so: how is it that Mr. Brownson lectured: "That no republic can exist without Roman Catholicism," and plainly said, "That it may be only introduced, as the American one, but it cannot exist for any length of time." And there was no sheriff to prevent the outrage against the constitution, the American republic and an indignant population! No fault was found by any of the public presses, (the native press excepted,) all was right.

Suppose a Presbyterian Minister would preach such absurdities, commit a similar outrage, would there be such a dead silence on the part of the public press? I ask only those questions which are allowed every citizen.

The proceedings of the meeting of the sixth of May, and the outrage in the streets of Philadelphia, the infernal violation of freedom and the rights of men by the Pope's hirelings, the violent and deadly conduct of the

Catholics in Kensington, can scarcely be described. I will give the readers the leading article of the Native American Journal of the 7th of May, 1844.

"DREADFUL OUTRAGE!"

"Our columns are shrouded in black to-day, to commemorate one of the most infernal violations of freedom and the rights of man, that has ever been perpetrated in this land. The hirelings of George the Third, in our early troubles, are thrown into the shade, in point of outrage, by the violent and deadly conduct of the Catholics of Kensington. We have not language to describe their enormity.

"Heretofore we have been among those who have entered our solemn protest against any observations that would bear the slightest semblance of making the Native cause a religious one, or charging upon our adopted fellow citizens, any other feeling than that of a mistaken opinion as to our views and their own rights. We hold back no longer. We are now free to declare, that no terms whatever are to be held with these people.

"Another St. Bartholomew's day is begun in the streets of Philadelphia. The bloody hand of the Pope has stretched itself forth for our destruction. We now call on our fellow citizens, who regard free institutions, whether they be native or adopted, to arm. Our liberties are now to be fought for—let us not be slack in our preparations."

*"American citizens murdered in the public streets!
The rights of American citizens violated!!"*

"On yesterday afternoon, agreeably to a call of the Native American Republicans of the city and county of Philadelphia, a Mass Meeting was held at the corner of Master and Second streets, in the district of Kensington. After certain preliminaries having been settled, Mr. Kramer who was called on by the meeting, appeared and addressed the concourse of citizens assembled in the approach.

which elicited much applause. Gen. Smith then being introduced, entertained for some time, by a very pertinent speech, the people upon the subject of the principles which guide the Native Republicans, in the course they have marked out for themselves, on the great leading and important questions of foreign influence upon the civil, political, and religious institutions of our country. After which, Mr. Levin was introduced upon the stand, and was about proceeding to speak upon the deleterious effects of Popish interference in the elective franchise, and her consequence upon American liberty, through the minions of the poor degraded slaves of the church, when a storm blew up, and the rain began to pour down. A motion was then made and carried, to adjourn to the Market House. The meeting being there organized and the speaker about to proceed in his speech, an onslaught was made by a band of Irishmen, said to be all Catholics, upon the citizens composing the meeting, and an effort made to disband and break it up. A large number of determined spirits being present, an attempt was made to defend and resist the outrage of the Roman Catholics, and to retaliate upon the Priest's menials in their effort to violate the constitutional rights of American citizens.

The scene which presented itself beggars all description. A general and indiscriminate fight between the Irish Catholics and American citizens. All kinds of weapons of defence and offence were used which could be collected within the vicinity of the meeting. During the throwing of brickbats and stones, several of the Native Republicans were struck, and so seriously injured that they were carried off the ground into houses of citizens of the neighborhood, their wounds dressed, and themselves properly taken care of.

During the hottest of the fight several reports of fire arms were heard, and the groans of men who proved to be wounded and the lamentable exclamations of their friends, together with the cries for vengeance from all quarters, were truly terrific and appalling. One man named Patrick Fisher, on the side of the Native Ameri-

cans, was carried out by four men, Mr. Albright at the head, shouting, 'American citizens arouse, defend yourselves—one of your number has been wounded—shot down in the street.' Fisher was taken to the Drug store of Dr. Davis, and his face and neck which was found to be wounded by buck-shot or slugs, was dressed, and he was afterwards taken home.

"Immediately followed another crowd of persons, a portion of whom were carrying the dying body of a Native American, named George Shiffler, a morocco dresser, residing in St. John street, below Beaver, who was shot with a whole charge of buck-shot in the right side of the breast. The scene which exhibited itself around this dying man was too much for any one possessing the ordinary feelings of sympathy, to bear without shedding a tear. The old and the young appeared to be weeping, and the lamentations appeared to be contagious, for the whole crowd wept, in sorrow. One gray headed old man, in the midst of his tears, raised his staff aloft, and exclaimed in the fullness of his heart, 'On, on Americans! Liberty or death.' At this thrilling cry the old man led off, and the whole crowd followed him to avenge the death of their fellow-citizen.

"Another Native American, named John Deal, was wounded with a bullet, but we could not ascertain the particulars of this case. He was, however, carried off the ground in a perilous situation.

"Another Native Republican, named George MacAlister, was shot in the face and arm; and the wounds are such as to disfigure him, and arrest the performance of his business for some time to come.

"Another Native American, named Samuel Beatty, was shot in the lip. The ball came through the lip into his mouth. He was taken to his home.

"Another Native American, named Chas. Vanstavern, was shot in the body with buck-shot.

"Mr Shiffler it appears was an apprentice to Mr. Shora, a morocco dresser. His death is mourned by every one to whom he was known.

"Mr. S. had scarcely been carried off, before another crowd was observed, carrying a young man named Henry Temper, a Native American, residing on Frankford road near Master street, to the drug store. Mr. Temper, had been shot in the hip with a bullet, but not very seriously injured. Whilst this young man was being carried off, an elderly lady came rushing up to the Reporter who was present, perfectly frantic, and with despair pictured in her face, exclaimed, 'My God, sir, do tell me is that my son?' It proved not to be her son.

"Another Native American, named Edward Spain, was shot in the hip.

"An old man, a Native American, was struck on the head with a brick-bat, and seriously injured.

"Another Native American, named David Ford, received a severe wound on the head, by a ball from a gun; also, a serious contusion over the right eye from a brick-bat.

"There were hundreds of others who received wounds from shots that were fired, but in the crowd and confusion which prevailed, it was impossible for the Reporter to collect one-fourth of their names, or the extent of their injuries.

"The Reporter of this paper, who with others, had been designated for a sacrifice, had a narrow escape of his life. By mistake, he retreated into the Irish Catholic ranks, when he was assailed with clubs and bricks from the assailants, and slightly injured.

"General Smith received some wounds about the body.

"A. R. Deale, was slightly injured in the arm by a blow from a brick.

"Wm. Springer was seriously wounded.

"Lewis C. Levin, Esq. Editor of the Sun, was violently maltreated."

The eighth of May was worthy to be recorded in the annals of popish contradiction. The Pope in Rome being sure of his prey, having been informed by his emissaries of the triumph of Repeal, and the progress

of the School System in the Union, his Holiness with the arrogance of a Roman dictator, and the hauteur of a conquerer, sent an incendiary letter to his bishops in America, and a condemnatory apostolical decree to the priests, ordering, that they should reject the Bible, resist any effort for the propagation of that precious book, or as his Holiness pleases to call it, "the worst of all books." On that very day, Mr. Kenrick, the Pope's Bishop in Philadelphia, called on his flock to conduct themselves devoutly.

See Native American Journal of May 8, 1844.

"Bishop Kenrick has called on his flock to be quiet. Why was it not done in the chapels on Sunday, after the first outrage.

"MORE MURDERS!

"The meeting at the State House yard, yesterday, contrary to the remonstrance of the officers, moved off in a solid column, formed and marched in procession up Fifth street to Kensington. The Meeting organized in the Market House, above Master street. Just as Col. Jack mounted the rostrum to speak, a shot was fired from the direction of the Hibernia Hose House; when a rush was made upon the Hose House, and a volley of musketry was poured into the meeting, and six more Native American citizens were wounded in the legs, body and arms, and one man named John Wesley Rhinedollar, living in Front street, Northern Liberties, was shot through the back, and instantly fell dead.

"All the stores and private dwellings in Second street, from Coates street up, were closed. The American flag was planted in front of Burk's Grocery store, and maintained its position until the last.

Mr. Lee, a son of a distiller, near Second street and Poplar Lane, was also shot dead.

Col. Albright was wounded in the arm, and was obliged to leave the ground of battle, after displaying a spirit of great bravery.

John Brodhead, residing in Eleventh street, below

George, Locust ward, was struck on the coat button by a spent ball, and also on the cheek with a small shot.

An Irishman, named John Taggart, fired a heavily loaded musket into a crowd of Natives and wounded three. He re-loaded the piece and levelled it at an old gray-headed man, who dodged at the instant the gun went off, and the shot did not, therefore take effect. The old man sprang forward, caught the Irishman by the throat, and the crowd rushed upon him, and before he could be rescued, was nearly killed.

The Hibernia Hose House was then attacked, and the hose carriage was taken and shattered into fragments, and some of the pieces used as a means of defence, from the attacks of Catholics. During this fight, the fires from the Irish came fast and thick, and several of the Americans were wounded. Among the number are the following, every one of whom are Native American citizens :

George Young, residing in Merriot's Lane near Sixth street, was wounded by a slug or musket ball in his left breast, passing through his lung, and coming out through his back, beneath his shoulder. He gave one leap and fell upon the earth groaning and writhing in his blood.

Augustus R. Peale, wounded in the arm badly by a musket ball—his arm is supposed to have been fractured by the ball.

Willis H. Blaney, constable, it is reported was shot through one of his legs, but the wound is not considered serious to any extent.

Wright Ardis, a ship carpenter, residing in Southwark, also wounded in the hip, but could not ascertain the nature or extent of the wound.

The foregoing has all been written before half-past six o'clock. At this hour, half-past six o'clock, the excitement in Kensington is unprecedented. Affairs have now taken a turn. The Americans at this moment are triumphant, and the stars and stripes which was tattered and trampled upon, now floats in victory. A small number

of the Natives who were armed, surprised the Irish who had possession of the market house, charged home upon them, when they precipitately fled the ground.

The military are now on their way to the scene of bloodshed, having two field pieces."

"EIGHT O'CLOCK, P. M.

"We have additional particulars from Kensington, which can be depended upon as authentic.

John Fagan, residing near Fifth and Cherry streets was shot in the left shoulder, and was taken to the Drug Store of Mr. Horter. His wound is not dangerous.

Lewis Greble, residing in Fifth near Christian street, had part of his head blown off by a musket ball, and fell dead. He was shot in the right temple. We saw this victim of Catholic fury expire.

Thomas Funston, residing at No. 620 N. Second street, was shot in the head, but not killed.

Matthew Hammit, a nephew of Mr. Hammit, ship-builder in Kensington, it is reported has been badly wounded.

William Hillman a turner, residing in Kensington, was shot in the head and his wound is regarded as dangerous, he was carried into a neighbor's house.

John Shreeves, house painter, residing in Front street above Green, was shot, but whether his wounds are serious or not, we were unable to ascertain.

HALF PAST EIGHT O'CLOCK, P. M.

The alarm of fire at this moment was caused by the burning of a row of frame buildings in Cadwallader street, in the neighborhood of Master street. These houses, it is said, were occupied by some Irish, and burned to the ground.

A rope maker in the district of Southwark, whose name we could not get, was shot dead.

— Keyser, brother to Mr. Keyser who keeps a

tavern near Market street wharf was seriously wounded.

A boy, name unknown, was shot in the left shoulder, while standing in the street.

“ ELEVEN O’CLOCK P. M.

“ Our reporter has just returned from the scene of battle, and reports the following additional intelligence : The Hibernia Hose house was the first place where the fire was discovered. That building was burned to the earth, and the contiguous houses caught, and the flames spread with fearful and alarming rapidity. About thirty houses, north of the Hibernia Hose house, have already been consumed, and the fire is still raging. What became of the inmates no one can tell. Probably a number have been consumed in the flames.

“ The excitement is intense. The military, to the number of several hundred, are upon the ground, looking passively on, endeavouring to keep the people from rushing forward.

The Carrol Hose, with one or two other companies, were throwing water on the fire.

Charles Stillwell of Southwark, has died from his wounds.

A man residing in Shackamaxon street, was mortally wounded in the breast.

A number of persons were injured in consequence of the falling in of the walls, &c., of the burning buildings.

An Irishman, name unknown, had one of his eyes knocked out by a blow from a club, while looking from his window.

The Catholic Church was strongly fortified, but no disposition was manifested to attack it. Guns were heard firing in every direction.

“ TWELVE O’CLOCK.

“ All is quiet. The fire is nearly out. The military are still upon the ground.

Two Irishman are reported as having been burned to death.”

Report of the N. A. Journal of the ninth of May, 1844. My intention is not to recall these melancholy events, but to show the attachment of the American people to their rights, and the odium of the papists to the Bible.

"BURNING OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH !

"We are humbled to the dust—the escutcheon of our city is stained—the whole American people are disgraced by the proceedings of the last eight-and-forty hours, and more particularly of the last twenty-four. The population of this excited district, or a portion of them, have set the seal of infamy upon our hitherto orderly city.

"No terms that we can use are able to express the deep reprobation that we feel for this iniquitous proceedings; this wanton and uncalled for desecration of the Christian altar. We care not what sect or set of men are made the victims of such outrage. We will stand up as strongly for the protection and security of our Catholic brethren in their peculiar views of religion, so long as those views come not in conflict with our political rights, as we will deprecate and oppose them when we think they are overstepping the boundaries of a rightful opposition. We will not countenance any lawless proceedings of any set of men even were they of our political creed, which we feel assured these rioters are not. Defence is as far as we have ever advocated, and we here rebuke in the most signal manner any offensive or violent action beyond that merely necessary to secure our own safety from aggression. We cannot think that any sincere friend of the Native American cause is thus violating the laws of his country and the ordinances of his God—but if there be, we warn them to desist; we warn them to leave at once and forever a course of action that is calculated only to bring disgrace upon themselves and a degradation upon their cause.

"MOST DEPLORABLE !

"Burning of St. Augustine's Church, &c.

"About 8 o'clock last evening, the spirit of insubordi-

nation which has raged with such fearful violence for several days past, extended itself into the city. St. Augustine's Church, located in Fourth street, below Vine, was the place it seems designated for the fury of the mob. The Mayor had summoned his force, and appeared in front of the Church. About nine o'clock a rally was made, the police driven off, the church attacked and set on fire. The flames soon burst forth with magnificent, but most painful grandeur. But little water was thrown upon the church, the only effort prevalent was a desire to save the adjoining property. The cupola, iron columns, &c., fell with a tremendous crash. The entire building, with the rear brick houses, on Crown street, were entirely destroyed. Several houses opposite the church were also seriously injured. No lives lost.

"Continuation of the Kensington Riots.

"The district, on the early part of yesterday presented quite a peaceable aspect, and order reigned throughout. But towards the middle of the day, crowds of persons from the adjoining and other districts, and from the city flocked there by thousands, perhaps more from motives of curiosity than any thing else. Congregating in different parts, and coming in contact, discussions arose upon the all absorbing subject of the riots; and inflammatory language being used, the excitement again broke out with redoubled fury; and the consequences are lamentable to record. We are not the apologists of the men who applied the torch to any building. We deprecate such conduct as much as any set of men. It were not in our power to arrest the fury of the mob.

"The entire row of houses, most of which were frame, extending from Master to Jefferson street, in addition to one or two on Master street, were destroyed; and four on Washington street. From all these houses guns were fired by the Irish. Nothing remains of the market house but the brick pillars.

"During the morning, an Irishman named Oliver Cree, was taken from his house, in the vicinity of Cadwallader

street, and two loaded muskets were found in his possession. In conveying him to Mayor Canning's office, he was taken from the hands of the officers, and unmercifully beaten. He was, however, got before the Mayor and placed in the lock-up-house.

"About noon, a beautiful brick dwelling, at the corner of Washington and Jefferson streets was destroyed by fire. An alarm having gone forth, the firemen repaired, and spared no efforts to arrest the progress of the flames. Before they could be arrested, the fire communicated to an adjoining building, which was also consumed.

"Large numbers of individuals about this time were collecting around the Seminary, and at St. Michael's Church. At three o'clock St. Michael's Church was fired, and with such rapidity did the flames spread that the Church was enveloped and consumed in an incredible short period of time. Thousands gazed upon the burning edifice in silence, and not one effort was made to save it. The firemen who were upon the ground put their apparatus in motion, but played only on the buildings south of the church. From the church the raging element communicated itself to the dwelling of the Priest, Mr. Donahue, on the north, which was totally consumed.

"The Seminary on the corner of Phoenix and Second streets, was about the same time discovered to be on fire, together with the buildings on the opposite corner, occupied by a man named Corr, who kept a grocery, and was reported to have sold ammunition to the Irish. The Seminary and other building was burned to the ground. Whilst these buildings were burning, the Volunteers of the 1st and 3d Brigade, commanded by Generals Cadwallader and Hubbell, and headed by the city troop, marched and arrested further operations by the mob, in this portion of the district. The military kept parading in all quarters, where an outbreak was anticipated; but Alderman Clarke, who is known to be an Irishman and a Catholic, and suspected of having instigated and urged

upon the poor priest-ridden souls to commit the first outbreak at the meeting on Monday last, appeared to be an object of revenge for the mob. They sought his residence, made an attack upon it, as well as upon the adjoining house occupied by his brother Patrick, and the furniture of both were thrown into the street, the windows and shutters broken, sash and doors demolished, and the houses themselves left untenanted wrecks.

"The store and dwelling of Patrick Murray, S. W. corner of Jefferson and Cadwallader streets, was broken into and racked of every thing. The furniture was tumbled into the street, and torn to pieces. Murray and his family left the premises early in the morning. The excitement in the vicinity was intense. A portion of the military, with Generals Patterson and Cadwallader, and Sheriff M' Michael at their head, soon appeared. Great dissatisfaction was manifested at the appearance of the latter person on the ground, and frequent groans were heard from the mob, while cheers were given in favour of the commanding generals.

"During this time the presence of the military were required in Third near Jefferson street, a crowd having collected in that vicinity, exhibiting a disposition to attack certain houses there. Up to seven o'clock last night the military kept the mob in check in this neighborhood, and no damage was done that we could ascertain.

"Out of the windows of nearly every Native American and Protestant Irishman in the district, hung the American and tri-colored flags. This was regarded as sufficient protection from the mob. Upon some of the doors we observed the words 'Native American,' written with charcoal, and on others were posted the 'Native American' newspaper, regarding these as a better protection than arms or the military. They were indeed, a full protection, for instead of violence being offered to property bearing evidence of the Native principles of the occupant, the persons were greeted with cheers of approbation.

"During the afternoon hundreds of families of Catholics moved out of the district; and we observed women and children piled high up on furniture cars upon their goods, apparently delighted to escape the scenes of turmoil and bloodshed which presented themselves to their eyes, for the last three days.

"We learn, the military being informed that in the Priest's house were fire arms secured, Col. Fairlamb, with a few of his men, repaired to his house and requested a search. They found a heavily charged musket with slugs, and took the gun in possession and drew the load. The Priest was politely informed that if he desired his own safety it would be well for him to leave the district instantler. The advice was followed, for he took a cab and made his exit.

"We annex, so far as we have been able to collect, the names of the persons who have been killed and wounded, since the commencement of hostilities on Monday evening.

"KILLED.

Geo. Shiffler, residing in St. John below Beaver street, an apprentice to a morocco dresser, shot in the right breast with a load of slugs.

— Wright, son of A. Wright, salt merchant, residing in Fourth above Tamany street, shot through the heart with a ball.

John Shreeves, painter, residing in Front street above Green, shot through the head, and died instantly.

Lewis Greble, carpenter, residing in Fifth street near Christian, shot through the head.

J. Wesley Rhinedollar, shoemaker, Front street Northern Liberties, shot in the back, the ball passing through and coming out at the right breast.

William E. Stillman, turner, residing in Kensington, shot in the right shoulder.

Joseph Rice, an Irishman, shot through the head with a ball, by a boy.

Matthew Hammitt, nephew of Mr. Hammitt, ship-

carpenter, in Kensington, shot through the head, the ball entering one of his ears.

John Leshar, residing in Shackamaxon street, Kensington, ball entered his left breast.

A lad, name not ascertained, ball entered the lower front of the abdomen, killed on the spot.

" WOUNDED.

George Young, residing in Merriott's Lane, near Sixth street, ball entered his left breast, passing through his lungs and coming out at the back.

Augustus R. Peale, dentist, wounded in the arm by a musket ball, bone fractured, his arm has since been amputated.

Henry Heiselbaugh, keeper of the Hand-in-Hand tavern, Third and Poplar streets, wounded in the fleshy part of the hand.

James Whitaker, residing in Front street below Spruce, wounded badly, by a ball entering his thigh, striking the bone.

Wright J. Ardis, ship carpenter, Southwark, ball entered his thigh, badly wounding him.

S. Abbot Lawrence, of Boston, struck in the side by a ball, and his life was only saved by a penny in his vest pocket, which was struck by the ball, bending and bruising it considerable.

Willis H. Blaney, ex-Lieutenant of Police, shot in the heel—not serious but painful.

Peter Albright, inkeeper, Second street above Coates, wounded by a slug in the hand.

John Fagan, residing near Fifth and Cherry streets, ball entered his left breast, coming out the back below the shoulder blade—serious wound.

Thomas Fuenston, residing in north Second street, wounded by a ball.

— Keyser, brother of the tavern keeper by that name, near Market street wharf, seriously wounded.

John Taggart, an Irishman, badly beaten and bruised

about the head and body, arrested and now in Moyamensing prison.

— Taylor, butcher, Southwark, a spent ball struck him in the eye, the wound dangerous.

James Brown, had his leg broken by running against a lamp post.

Washington Heyberger, seriously wounded.

— Maitland, seriously wounded.

Andrew Gates, wounded.

— Yocum, wounded.

A large man, name unknown, was carried off the ground seriously wounded.

A keeper of a Dry Goods store in Second street below Pine, wounded in the leg.

A lad, half grown, wounded in the groin.

Another young lad struck in the breast by a spent ball, a flesh wound.

Seven other boys were wounded that we heard of, but could learn no names.

During the early part of the evening, the Orphan Children were removed from St. Joseph's Asylum, Seventh and Spruce; and most, if not all, the property from St. John's, and other Catholic churches.

The Mayor issued the following proclamation about dark:

“There is reason to believe that the spirit of disorder raging in the county, is about to extend itself into the city, and to seek vent in the destruction of property and attack upon life.

“All good citizens desirous to preserve the public peace, are therefore required to prepare themselves to patrol the streets, to resist all invasions of property, and to preserve the public peace, by resistance to every attempt to disturb it.

“Each ward is requested to meet immediately at the place of their usual ward election.

“J. M. SCOTT, *Mayor*,

“Philadelphia, May, 8, 1844.”

To shorten the tale of these tragic events, I will give a letter from Washington city, which has the most correct view of the riotous scenes, and political intrigues of popery in connection with our laws.

"Washington correspondence of the North American.

WASHINGTON MAY 9, 1844.

"The disasters in your own city, the terrible scenes of the last few days, the thought of what even now is but too likely to be passing there, fill me with the deepest concern and leave me little heart for the trivialities of our daily politics here. It is pitiable to think of such facts in the midst of a people so good, a town so intelligent and order-loving, and so famed for the gentle and kindly spirit of its inhabitants. A tumult the most unprovoked and far the most frightful that the country has ever saddened over, has sprang out of an ordinary assemblage of citizens, peacefully met to consult upon a grave question of the laws. Streets seem to have been crimsoned with the blood of unarmed and unoffending men, and an absolute civil war to have raged, for two days, in sanguinary combat.

These are things to alarm not less than shock one. As far as we at a distance can comprehend their causes, they threaten like scenes elsewhere; they are sure to engender popular resentments which will again burst out among you in blood; and they will involve almost every where under the double odium of race and religion, the many refugees of a nation disorderly at best, quick to give and quick to take offence, and loving a quarrel quite as much as other folks love peace.

"The disorder has been dreadful, and dreadful the punishment which it has brought down, both on those who so criminally began it, and those who almost as criminally avenged. It will prove, beyond doubt, but the prolific seed of other terrible mischiefs, which no prudence can prevent. For what has prudence to do

with popular exasperations, civil or religious? Or, would it anywhere avail, what would be its exertion in a country where for every citizen, honest and brave enough to withstand the public passions, there are twenty demagogues interested and busy to inflame them?

I look, then, for other commotions, other scenes of carnage, with you and in every other quarter where there is a large body of Catholic Irish. Political agitation, which, in this land of ours, wherever there is a pie, must, like the devil, have a finger in it, will not fail to go to work; and bigotry will join in the mischief. I warrant you that you will at once see party prints enough whose first thought of a thing which should sadden every honest man's heart, as a national misfortune, will be an effort to make party capital of it.

"For my part I blame far less in this matter the poor deluded people, infuriated by the arts of demagoguery, and set on to disorder for other people's profit, than the folly of our own laws and the criminality or cowardice of those who feel that they should be changed, but through interest or fear, keep them up. The unprincipled, the fraudulent naturalization of large bodies of foreign voters utterly unfit to exercise the right of suffrage, and capable only of becoming the dupes of the bad, and the instruments of disorder in elections, has grown up into a mischief the most serious, and every day augmenting. Such voters not only injure deeply the interests of society at large, but do it without any compensating advantage—nay, with a severe injury—to themselves. Admitted to a share in political privileges, they only overturn those of others and inflict misgovernment upon all. Claim, they have none, except under the laws that we made when strength, populations, citizens, no matter how got, were the first and ruling want of the country. That state of things has now ceased; why, then, should we not change laws which bring mischief, instead of a benefit? The crying enormity of the inconveniences and disorders which have of late attended this thing, has

most naturally raised up a party as yet little a political one, though chiefly drawn (it seems) from the Whig ranks, and itself Native American.

"Let me add one thing more: Repeal and its wild and faithless interference with the rights of other countries, and our national duties towards them, is but the natural parent of plagues like this. Nations violate not with impunity their obligations of peace and good will to others. If they do, it falls upon them in chastisements such as this which Philadelphia has suffered. We have allowed ourselves to make large contributions for the purpose of raising an insurrection in a land with which we were at peace, and the first blood spilt has been our own.

"I perceive that young Mr. Tyler is, by some, looked on with great resentment, as in part responsible for what has happened. I see not that he has any direct share in the matter, and so far it is unjust to make him, silly creature as he is, the selected victim of public resentment. I do not think that he meant any particular harm, and therefore blame quite as much others, who, knowing much better what they were about, assisted this foolish fuss, for servile and interested purposes. Meanwhile, I admit that the public should hold to a severe account all who have had any agency in bringing about such fearful things.

"IL SEGRETARIO"

CHAP. XXI.

THE DECEPTION.

It is in convents as it is in the world, the humbled are neglected, the disgraced are despised, or in other words, to fall is to die. In the world we find here and there a heart, which sympathises, a voice which defends the disgraced, a hand is often stretched out to raise the fallen, to

restore to society its lost member. But in convents all hate and none love. Every one rejoices over the fall of his brother, for he rises by that fall; this is the reason that each is in duty bound to be the secret spy of his companion, and each member is afraid of the other.

The ex-Jesuit, Father Amato Ricci left the convent previous to the before mentioned insurrection of the nuns, and as the reader will recollect, knew nothing of the removal of the Mother Abbess with the fractious American ladies of that convent. His only aim was to free the Italian nun, the friend of his youth, and the victim of monkish tyranny and priestly oppression. He directed his footsteps towards the spot, where the convent stood, the spot where many innocent victims moulder, under the pretext of a voluntary imprisonment, or under the plea of insanity; the house which enclosed the earthly hopes of his life.

The convent was a lonely building in the middle of the forest, distant from the inhabited and peaceable cottages of the surrounding country. Its walls were hidden by the trees, even to the pious traveller who brought his gifts to the shrine of the Virgin Mary, until he reached the spot; only the gilded cross of the spire now and then glittered through the foliage when the rays of the sun reflected upon it. The convent was a building of semi-Gothic architecture, of a gloomy and chilly aspect, like the materials of which it was composed. The exterior of the walls were covered with ivy, which gave the building an air of antiquity and inspired veneration and devotion to those who beheld it.

It was in the evening, all was silent, silent as the grave, and which was only broken by the rustling of the leaves, the harmonious tunes of the songsters of the forest, the sound of the bell of the convent, and the melodious voice of the nuns in the choir. It was the hour of *vesper* when the ex-Jesuit stood before the convent; who can describe his feelings, the commotion of his heart; a hundred plans crowded his mind, all were *vetoed*; new ones came up and were rejected. Immersed in these thoughts

he entered the church, in which there was no light except what came from the lamps before the high altar, where the consecrated host was preserved, and the gloomy light which shone through the iron grate of the choir, behind the altar. He kneeled mechanically down, as if he would pray, but his mind was so bewildered, and his heart so embittered against those hypocrites, who deceive both God and man under the garb of religion, that it deprived him of all devotion. The last anthem was sung, the nuns retired, and silence again reigned. Finally the sacristan approached him, and inquired if he desired to remain over night in the convent, which he cheerfully accepted, as might be expected, and gladly followed his conductor into the stranger's apartment, which is contiguous to the convent.

Appearance, self-denial, and an ostentatious show of charity, is the shell of the monkish system of popery, while self-interest, hypocrisy and tyranny are the living springs of that corrupt system. The exterior of that principle, and the fruits of it, have all the appearance of charity and benevolence; but when studied, the reader will behold a cunning devised plan, to blind-fold the human race, to plunge them into the depth of ignorance, and to spoil the poor man of his last hard earned pence with which he ought to support his famishing children.

Every convent which lies isolated from civilized society, has an apartment attached to it which is called "the stranger's apartment," which serves for benefactors and devotees to the miraculous saint or saintess of the convent, and strangers who may visit that holy place and remain there over night. As no man can enter into such a holy place except the holy unmarried priest and the gardener, who must also be an unmarried man, and who must be the sacristan and waiter of the strangers, attending also to the exterior business of the nuns, and as a spy, reports to the Mother Abbess, who has plenary power to dispense with little restraints, and at all times, and under all circumstances, she can admit the stranger into the parlour, and allow the nuns to entertain him.

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The entertainment is apparently gratis, but it is expected that the visitors leave the double equivalent in the purgatory box, or in the box of the Virgin Mary, or at the Saint's altar. In one word the entertainment is gratis, but indulgence must be dearly paid for; in this way they enrich themselves under the garb of charity, and fatten for the glory of God.

The ex-Jesuit occupied a small room in that apartment, the gardener served him, arranged his chamber, made of him a number of inquiries, to which he received no satisfactory answers, as the guest was too much of a Jesuit for the unmarried gardener of the nuns.

The night was a restless one. How to deliver the Italian nun from the priestly bondage, what plan to adopt, which might succeed, how to get to work, all these were the topics of discussion in his mind. Finally he fixed upon a project, which a Jesuit only could invent, and have the hardihood to execute without a scruple of conscience, as the end satisfies the means.

The morning arrived, he attended the mass, appeared very devotional, and though he saw no man, he was sure to be observed by invisible spies, he was therefore very liberal to all the saints, especially to the purgatory box; he gave when the gardener could see him, and the nuns in the choir could hear it. After breakfast, he asked permission to see the Mother Abbess, which was granted, and the following is the substance of it. He told her "that he was an Italian gentleman, who had emigrated to this country, and having lost his wife he wished to give his daughter a religious education, therefore he resolved to send her into that convent, as it was isolated from the world, and free from the danger of making an acquaintance with a man contrary to his will. He added, that he did not mind the expense, especially as her mother left a large fortune, which she would take possession of, as soon as she was of age, which will be in two years; he had but one request to make, that was, that she might cultivate the Italian language as she will be obliged to return to Italy to manage her estate."

The Mother Abbess when she heard that the young lady had a large fortune left her by her mother, which would soon be her own, and being the only daughter, upon whom her father would spend large sums for her education, thought that this would be a fine bird to catch, and worth while to make her a nun, in order that her fortune might be appropriated to the convent, for the glory of God; and in her ecstasy, said "we have an accomplished Italian in the convent, from the noble family of Strozzi, who will take care of her education." He expressed himself surprised, and at the same time, pleased with the opportunity, and requested as a favour, to see the Italian nun. The Mother Abbess immediately called the noble Italian nun from the kitchen, where she performed the lowest occupation of the convent, as a penance for the heinous crime of having escaped from the convent.

The Italian nun Isabella, came, and recognized her former friend. The emotion on both sides can easily be imagined, but as the Mother Abbess was present, they suppressed them. He told her in the Italian language his desire to free her from captivity, and she expressed her wish to leave it as soon as another opportunity should present itself; he asked her for an appointment in the night time, and she told him that her cell was at the third window on the north side, that he was only to throw a stone against the iron grate, which would be a signal for the rendezvous. He could not speak much, as the Abbess was present, but the assurance that she did not understand them, gave them courage to fix their plan.

Scarcely had the ex-Jesuit finished his Italian colloquy, when the Sister Porter from the other convent unfortunately made her appearance in the parlour. The mute surprise, the suppression of feelings, the dissimulation and inquisitive look of both, had nearly betrayed them; but the Italian idiom, the sweetness of the dialect, the novelty of the thing, distracted the attention of the Mother Abbess, so that it was out of her power to observe

the emotions and changes in the countenances of these persons.

The ex-Jesuit took leave of the Mother Abbess and of the two other nuns present, assuring the first that in a month he would bring his daughter to the convent, and place her under spiritual and intellectual care. To the Italian nun he said in their native tongue, "that on every Wednesday and Friday night, at eleven o'clock, he would repair to the rendezvous," so he left the convent.

CHAP. XXII.

THE BURNING OF THE UNCLEAN CAGE.

The presence of the Sister Porter in that convent, was an indissoluble enigma for the ex-Jesuit, though he was ignorant of the cause, he considered it a bad omen; not because he knew her dissolute character, but knowing the spirit of the Confessors of those unclean Papal prisons, who are glad to have some new case, to exercise their priestly authority over the nuns, by disciplining them and driving these poor creatures mad, or at least, into their Jesuitical measures, and carnal intentions. He evidently saw his plans wrecked in the turbulent ocean of cruel vicissitudes, he felt for the *first* time, that he needed the assistance of a higher power, to execute his schemes.

He was by no means deceived: the Sister Porter, partly out of revenge, partly to gain the favor of the Father Director in the convent, immediately sent for that holy priest to alleviate her monkish conscience, and recounted to him the whole occurrences in the last nunnery and that Father Ricci had presented himself that day in the convent under a false pretence. Though she could not understand what Sister Isabella said to him in the Italian language, she was notwithstanding, certain that

it must be something awful, perhaps another escape, or another dreadful scandal. Also she did not forget to recommend her prelatical companion in exile, the Most Rev. Mother Abbess Beata, to speak of her motherly care, and distressing state, when the Italian Isabella escaped from the convent, and in that way the Father Director not only knew what was going on in this convent, but also what had been going on in the other convent too.

The Mother Abbess was immediately made acquainted with the stratagem; strict secrecy was imposed upon the Sister Porter, who faithfully promised to obey the orders of her superiors, and scarcely had she left them, when she dragged her skeleton body along the corridor, and crept like a serpent into the cell of her former friend, (the transported Mother Abbess,) and recounted to her the whole occurrence.

The Italian nun was immediately imprisoned, flogged, kept on bread and water for several days, tortured, and so frightened that she really was in danger of losing her senses and becoming a monomaniac, until she confessed, "that she had spoken with the ex-Jesuit, and wished to escape again as soon as an opportunity should present."

During the time these cruelties were being exercised by the Father Confessor, the time for the rendezvous arrived; the ex-Jesuit came the first night of his appointment, and did as the Italian nun instructed him, but no answer, the second night he repeated his nocturnal excursion and the signal received no response, but when he was about to retire he heard a noise like the *hew* of a man and immediately a whisper from a window of the convent answered it. He placed himself at a distance, where he could hear all that was going on, and the female in a very low voice said,

"I can not to-night, but to-day two weeks, do not fail," and the window was very slowly shut. He saw positively, that there were also other persons on the same errand as he himself. He intended to associate with them and actually approached slowly towards the spot where he

could perceive two persons like spectres, under cover of the dark night. He followed, but soon lost sight of them; and in a few minutes he heard the noise of a carriage slowly moving towards the village, where the more fortunate inhabitants, were enjoying the blessing of rest, after a toilsome day of labor.

The mind of the ex-Jesuit was unsettled, as it may be expected. What is to be done? To recur to the law, he had no witnesses, that such a nun ever was in the convent, as nobody can enter. Moreover the Papists may have sent her to another convent, or they may hide her in their secret hiding-places, with which the Papal haunts are copiously furnished. What can be done? To use violence would be anti-constitutional, and justly punishable by law. The appeal to the people was the only means, and sure means it is, for Americans are a justice-loving people, and every righteous cause is safe in their hands.

The plan was scarcely conceived, when the execution followed, like cause and effect; like the percussion-cap, which is scarcely touched when the explosion takes place. As Jesuits are not very scrupulous, as all their acts are regulated by the favorite rule of mental reservation; he communicated to some of his friends the following story:

“He made a devotional excursion to the Virgin Mary of a certain convent, to expiate some sins, as a penance given by his Father Confessor, and for the greater merit of a plenary indulgence, he remained the whole night upon his knees before the door of the church, where the holy tabernacle is placed, in fervent prayer; when he heard a clandestine interview of a holy nun with her lover, who agreed to escape from the convent on an appointed night.” He invited several of the citizens to witness the scene, as an evidence of the truth. They accordingly set out the same evening, and hid themselves in the forest until the time arrived, when they approached to a certain distance where they could hear all that was going on.

The above sign was scarcely given by the man, when

a window of the convent slowly opened, when a female voice whispered, "go, make haste! for there is a watch stationed in the convent, and if we are discovered I am lost, imprisoned and disciplined."

The voice from below exclaimed "what is the cause of this watchfulness?"

The female replied, "a nun has planned to escape with her former Father Confessor, I cannot say more; haste, I am lost," and the window was slowly closed.

The ex-Jesuit and his companions approached, the two adventurers thought that they were surrounded by the watch of the priests, they drew their arms, and the report of a pistol was heard. The convent was lighted up, the doors fastened, and with iron bars secured, in order that no holy woman should run away. The holy prison keeper, the Father Confessor, appeared at the window; the men who accompanied the ex-Jesuit, menaced and threatened the Roman oppressor of inoffensive women. The two adventurers saw that they had been mistaken, joined the unknown protectors and made common cause. Cries of vengeance were uttered, the priest laughed at them, and called them a vulgar mob, and other unbecoming names.

They retired from the spot, and ran into the next town communicating what they heard and saw to the inhabitants. It spread with the rapidity of lightning, the surrounding population were indignant at such immorality, and the next evening assembled en masse around the unclean nest, ordering the veiled ladies to leave it, and after this was done, they tore it down, and turned it into a heap of ashes.

I always disapproved of popular violence, and advocated order and legal means to get rid of these papal haunts, and Roman female prisons in the United States; and trust that this little volume will awaken protestants, especially the female portion of the community, so that they will supplicate our legislatures for the suppression of these unclean nests under the care of these unmarried gentlemen, the Roman priests.

The Sister Porter being old and friendless turned into another nunnery. The younger nuns who had friends and lovers fled into their arms for protection. The Italian nun and the ex-Jesuit presented themselves the same night before a gospel minister, and were joined together as man and wife. They took the Mother Abbess under their protection, and she was a blessing to them, as she had before experienced the grace of God in her heart, and proved not only a good protestant, but also a christian. The Mother Abbess had the satisfaction of seeing her old friends happy, and to educate many of their children, as the offspring of that happy union.

THE END.

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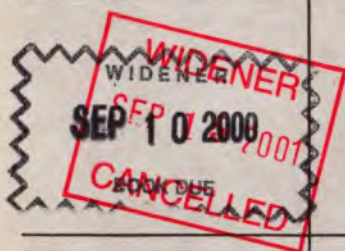
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